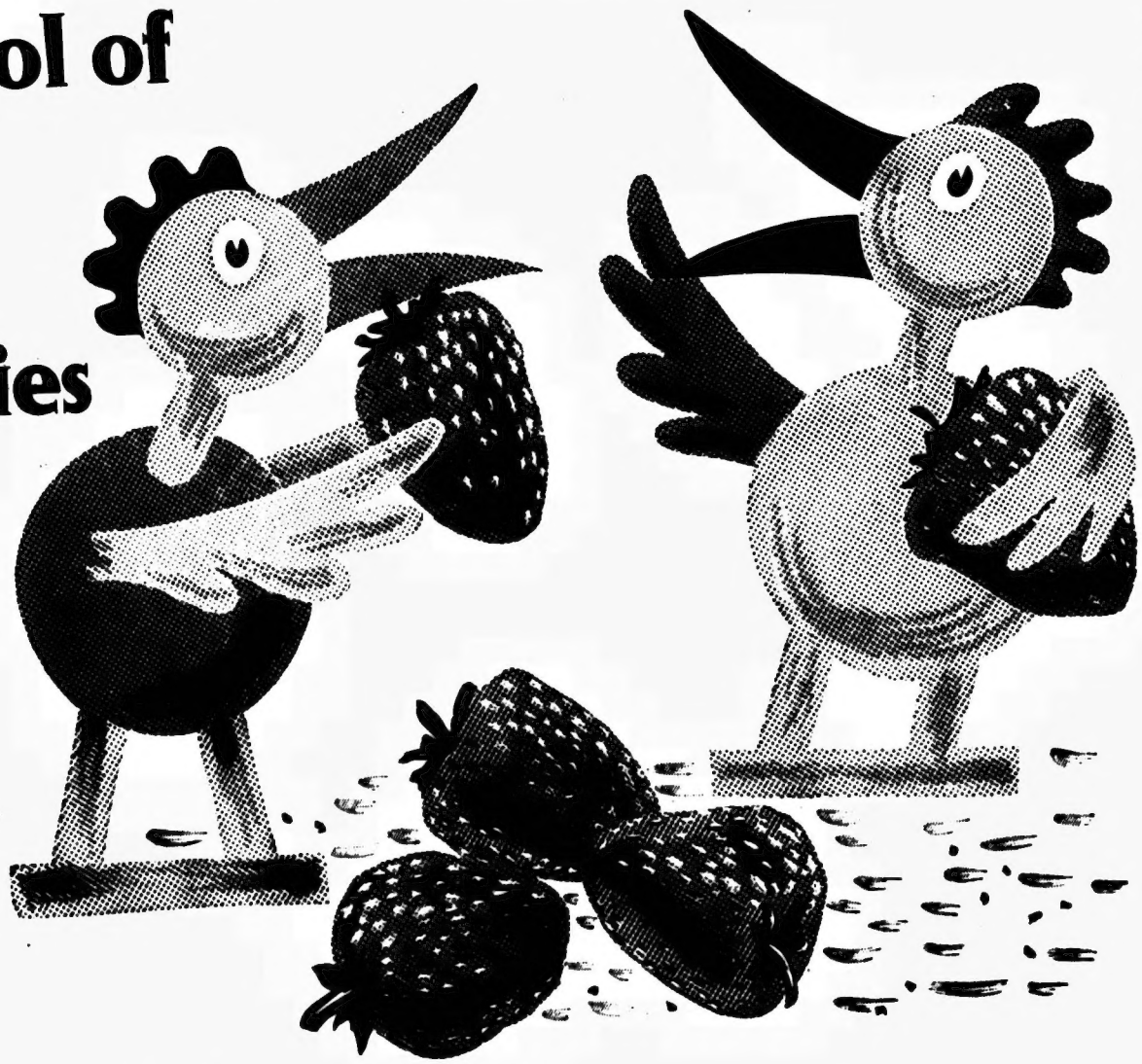
JOHN BULL, JULY 20, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1518.

THE HIRE-PURCHASE BABY SEE PAGE 7

# JOHN BULL

Make a fool of



strawberries

with

BIRDS

Strawberry fool! Doesn't the very thought of it make your mouth water! Make it with Birds custard, and it will not only taste deliciously smooth and creamy, but it will be less expensive, much lighter and more digestible. And it's so easy. Just pulp a pound of fruit, sweeten it slightly, and mix it with a pint of Birds. Pile it into Sundae glasses, and you have the grandest strawberry fool for any day of the week!

IT'S THE FAVOURITE CUSTARD WITH FRUIT!

# FIRST Her Son AND THEN Her Daughter

"TROUBLES never come singly." That's an adage that proved to be very true in the case of Mrs. Allsopp, of 7, Thistlewood Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

*Both* her children met with accidents inside six weeks.

First, her 7-year old son, Bernard. He was playing with his chums on a piece of waste land. Suddenly they started to race. Bernard was not going to be one of the "also rans." His legs went faster and faster. He wanted to win. Too late he saw the empty petrol tin lying in his path. He fell over it and crashed to the ground, fracturing his right arm.

In addition to her anxiety for Bernard, Mrs. Allsopp had to consider the question of meeting doctor's fees. But she was saved this worry. As a registered reader of "John Bull" she received a cheque for the benefit provided under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift for Children's Accidents.

And then, barely had she had time to get over her son's accident when her eleven-year old daughter, Marjorie, fractured her arm while playing. Again "John Bull" came to Mrs. Allsopp's assistance. The first cheque paid in respect of her boy's mishap in no way disqualified her for further benefit, and a cheque was sent by "John Bull" at once on account of her daughter's accident.

If YOU have children, then you know how easily kiddies can fall victims to the perils of playtime. Think what it would mean to you—to be able to rely on "John Bull's" practical assistance.

**"John Bull's" Exclusive Benefits**

"John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard the Home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage—to pay Sickness Benefit and to add a 10 per cent. Bonus to EVERY Benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

And what about yourself, your wife and your home? Remember Children's Accidents is only one of the many Benefits provided. Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Loss by Burglary. There's more, too. Look in the panel at the unique and exclusive Benefits "John Bull" offers you, Benefits which no other paper in the world provides.

All you have to do to make certain of "John Bull's" support in your time of need is to sign the forms below AT ONCE.

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*Hand* this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 20/7/35

**Post this Form to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 220, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

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**1/- DEPOSIT SECURES THIS 18ct. DRESS HUNTER**

Undoubtedly one of the most handsome watches of the 1935 Swiss Exhibition. To its credit 7 years de pendable" models stamped on entire inside dust-proof case. Highly polished, 18ct. plated, modern shaped case, incorporated to prevent wear and scratching. Thin and neat for dress and everyday wear. Unbreakable hardite glass. Accurate Unseen lever movement. Timed, tested and guaranteed 10 Years. Sent for 1/- down, balance 1/6 fortnightly, until 30/- is paid in all. Cash or within 7 days, 28/6. 3/6 Dress Chain can be added to account without extra deposit.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD., (Dept. J.B.1.35), 88, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

**FREE 5000 Cases of Wines £2000 in CASH**

Full particulars post free to all Xmas Club Agents sending for our famous "Gifts of Happiness" Catalogue. Guaranteed goods. No outlay. Highest Commission. Early delivery. Write now:—STANTAN LTD. Dept. A, BRIGHOUSE, YORKS.

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**30/-** IS ALL YOU NEED PAY ME FOR THIS WONDERFUL IMPROVED HOME-MADE LAYETTE. A GUARANTEED BARGAIN

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 70 MAGNIFICENT GARMENTS for Winter or Summer Baby's. Silk and Wool Shawl, Bnnb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightlies, Best Wool Vests, Hand-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk-Sets, Tush. Napkins, etc., etc.

SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

Another letter reads: "I am more than satisfied with the layette received on July 1st. Such a bargain deserves broadcasting. My nurse, too, has never seen such amazing value."

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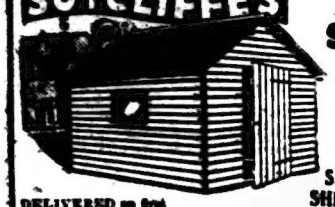

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| 1933. | 7ft. | 9ft. | 7ft. | 9ft. | 8ft. | 3 10 0 or 6 5 |
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Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, Summer Houses, etc.

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# A HOLIDAY for a ½d!

Sounds impossible! But just consider. We can show you that it can be your own experience. That much-longed-for holiday means expense. The problem is how to raise the money. Why not do as thousands of others have done? Start a "World-wide" Club and get a good Commission and profit share. We know that you can do it, and we'll tell you exactly how simple it is.

You also benefit your friends. They buy from our Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses saving from 4/- to 10/- in the £ on Footwear, Fashions, Household Goods, etc., and all on simple 1/- weekly terms. You get your very welcome regular commission and profit-share. So fill up the coupon and get all particulars.

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(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

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(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required).

Associated Warehouses—J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., of Manchester. *Established* 1875. *British to the backbone*—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually. *Directors*:—E. C. & W. P. Williams.

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HERE is a chance to save shoppers' pence. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

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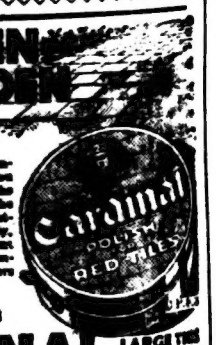
**BRIGHTEN Your GARDEN PATHS**




Why have dull, colourless concrete garden paths, when you can transform them into paths of beauty with "Cardinal" the polish that gives such a delightful red finish. Easy to apply, will not rub off. Also excellent for Red Tiles and Red Composition floors. Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

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**CARDINAL POLISH**

LARGE TINS 7½D & 1/3

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**CASH THE COUPONS**

**'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON**

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d.

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BECOME AN AGENT FOR THE "SOVEREIGN" XMAS CLUB & EARN £2-£5 IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

Splendid FREE Gift

to-all writing for Catalogue and particulars of "How to Form a Sovereign Christmas Club." No charge or obligation is involved.

A pleasant and profitable occupation that can hardly be called 'work'—it is so easy with the aid of our Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of such marvellous Bargains in Gifts, Chocolates, Household goods, Toys, etc. There's no need for you to lay out one penny piece other than the stamp for writing in the first place.

We give GENUINE COMMISSION—FREE EQUIPMENT—GUARANTEED SATISFACTION

You help yourself by helping us. Can you afford to ignore an opportunity of making money? Send to-day. Just write your name and address on a slip of paper, and post to us in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope—you'll be amazed at the organisation we offer to back you up and help you make your Club a success.

DICKIN'S MAIL ORDER STORES, Oakengates, SHROPSHIRE.

# JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

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YOUR OPPORTUNITY! Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: The Staff Manager, FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11

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"Mother!" . . . An unheeded cry may mean sudden tears. Don't let it happen—VIBRAPHONE will help you to HEAR! Quite safe; non-electrical; practically invisible. No batteries, wires or any attachments. Write, 'phone or call for Booklet and details of 30-day Trial Offer. VIBRAPHONE CO., 16, Triumph House, 189, Regent Street, London, W.1. Phone: Regent 6686.

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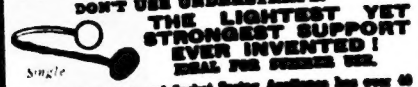
DON'T USE UNDERSTRAPS.

THE LIGHTEST YET STRONGEST SUPPORT EVER INVENTED! IDEAL FOR SUMMER USE.




THE PALLANT Rupture Appliance has over 40 years' reputation for efficiency and the inventor now provides a ROYAL WARRANT. The New Light Weight Pallant only weighs a few ounces and is the most satisfactory Truss on the market. Fitted with the famous Elsteen Pneumatic Pads, it holds gently but firmly, giving comfort and security hitherto unknown. So Light as a Feather! Test for 7 days before payment. Approved agencies usually allow the whole amount. Write or call and ask for particulars of

FREE BATHING APPLIANCES FOR HOME OR SEA BATHING.

TEST IT BEFORE YOU PAY

DUNDEE Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 2287), 8, Oxford St., London, W.1. Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton Street

## THAMES UTILITY

T. U. B. AGAIN LEAD THE WAY! Prices of Sheds and Garages at Rockbottom—Specifications Beyond Comparison! Excellent designs with smart doors, joiner-made opening type, framed and glazed windows, ornamental Bargeboards and attractive turned finials. Brightly planed timber. Write for FREE CATALOGUE No. 15. All FULLY GUARANTEED! IMMEDIATE FREE ROAD OR RAIL DELIVERY!

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### PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lemaire, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View "Screw and Eyepiece Focus" Reading Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory balance payable 3/- monthly until 70/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

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Real Piano Accordions at Specially Reduced Prices. Piano Finished Cabinet. Steel Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Bases. Send only 3/- Deposit. Balance payable 5/- Monthly until 52/- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only. Write for illustrated List of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive Terms.

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## COVENTRY CYCLES 57/6 LOW EASY TERMS

Don't pay Agents' prices. Buy direct from Coventry, and SAVE ONE POUND and more. Sports, Lightweights, and 3 Speeds, on approval, carriage paid. Forty years' advertising in this paper, and thousands of satisfied customers. Get my free Catalogue now. Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., Dept.3, Coventry

## "THE 4 in 1 RESTFUL CHAIR"

Fully sprung throughout and upholstered modern tapestry. Send for pattern book—post free. Own material if desired. Leg rest easily detached, useful as fireside seat. Call or send for illus. cat. J 1. Part carr. and pack. Eng. & Wales 3/6. Glasgow, Bgr. Latters or Crossed P.O.'s to:—

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## IT'S EASY TO MAKE BIG SPARE TIME MONEY WITH 'AMPRICO'

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*Remember delay means lost opportunities. This is your great chance—send off at once for Complete Details.*

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FROM 2/- DOWN CARR PD.

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250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

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**Important statement by Herbert Guyan.**

Day after day men and women are asking, "How can I earn money in my spare time?" Some need the cash badly, others are merely seeking a pleasant and profitable way of earning extra money. Well I, as Herbert Guyan, head of a growing business, offer you a chance in a thousand—something out of the ordinary—something that you can work in your own locality, and as an encouragement to make a good start

### A Cash Bonus of £5!

The beauty of the whole scheme is that half the money you take is yours, so you'll easily understand why hundreds of others are quickly able to earn £3-£5 per week regularly. And not one penny of your own money is needed to commence this commonsense method of turning spare time into cash. Even the outfit and samples are quite free, and sending for these and particulars won't obligate you in any way. If you are interested just send your name and address on a p.c.—that's all. Address me personally.—H. GUYAN, 80, Barbican House, Booth Street, London, E.C.1.

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*it means money to you*

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AVOID FLU COLDS RHEUMATISM ETC

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PAIR 1/-

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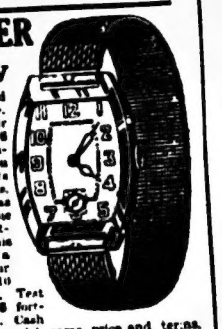

Not a new watch but an old and tried favourite in a modern style, as supplied to members of Air Force, Army, and Navy. 1/6 deposit secures this watch—non-magnetic, shock and vibration proof. Recoil Click spring prevents over-winding. Unbreakable glass. Silver or plain luminous dial as desired. Untarnishable Chrome case and Chrome milanese adjustable bracelet. Not until this watch keeps time to a minute a month is it allowed to leave our model factory. Guaranteed 10 years in writing. Send only 1/6. Test for 7 days. If satisfied send 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid in all. Cash price 35/-. Ladies' solid silver model same price and terms.

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## SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, or 24 inches. Sizes, 28 or 30 Waist. Waist 28-in. Leg 28-in. Well cut and made from tested Flannel; fitted with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets, and buttons inside. Permanent turn-ups. Please state width inside leg and width bottom required.

5/6 Post 6d. or C.O.D.

Spare 11/6, post pd.

Only to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.

Mrs. Margaret's Woollen Slipover in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White 1/6

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. d. 27), 130/134, South Road, TWICKENHAM.

## Put it in a THORNS PORTABLE BUILDING

Whatever your need, Thorns have the building you want! Made entirely with planed timber, too, and trebly strengthened with "Strongess" steel braced corners. The extra quality and finish cost no more and you can bolt together the sections yourself. All Fully Guaranteed, for Cash or on Confidential Terms. Send to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 46.

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| Long. | Wide. | High. | Cash Price. | Down. | Mthy. |
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| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6ft. | 42/- | 3/6 | 3/11 |
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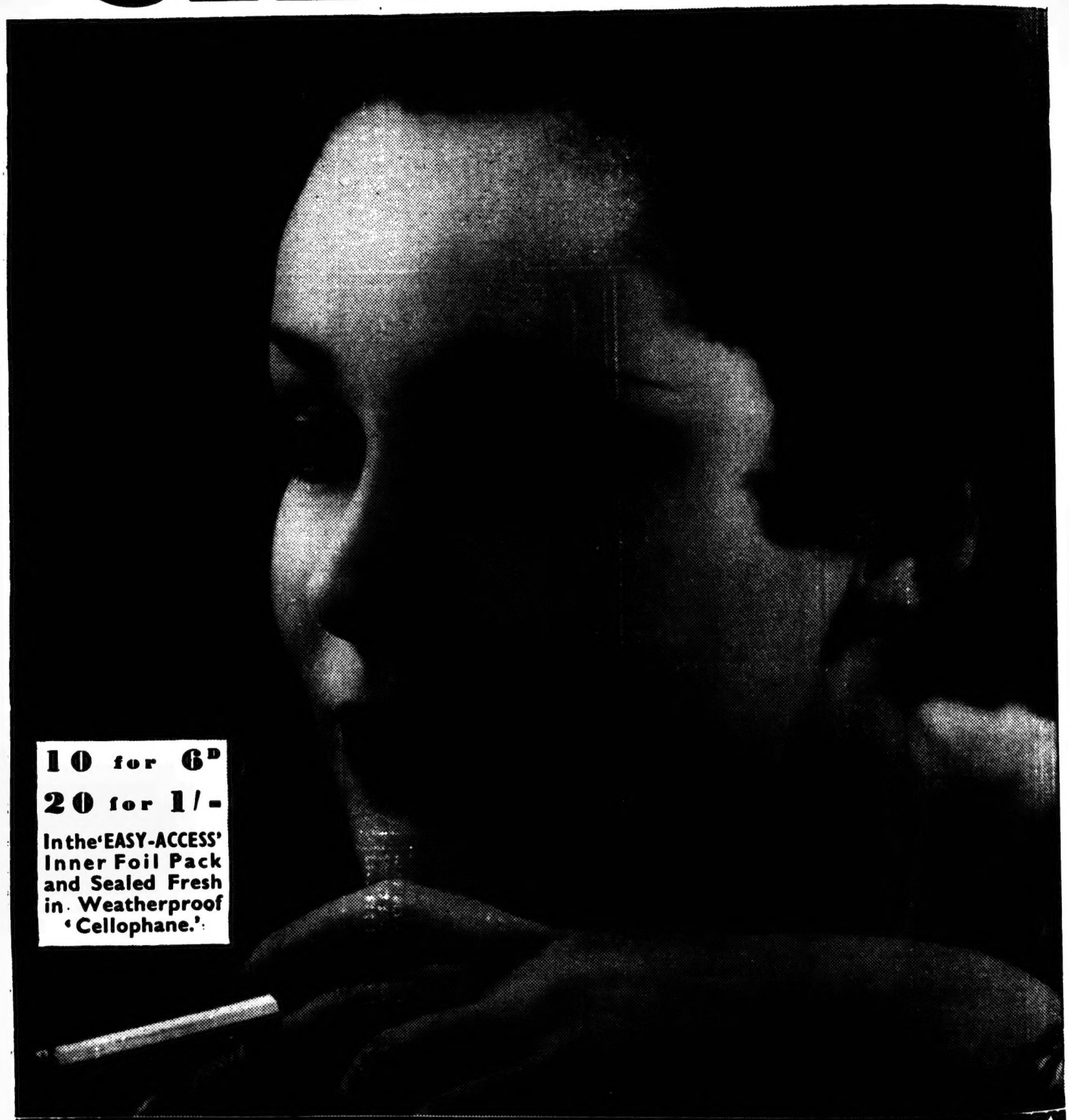
Storms may rage outside—if you fix an "AMS" ARRESTOR you are safe. Same principle used to safeguard big Public Generating Stations. Enjoy your Radio without fear of lightning—sleep without dread of electric storms or fire. No need to switch on or off during thunderstorms or static disturbances, and no earthing switch necessary. Fitted in 5 seconds across Aerial and Earth terminals of Set, or outside as desired. Then acts by itself permanently without attention. Send at once—1/- only—and have the comforting assurance that YOUR House and family at least are safe.

ASSOCIATED MAIL SUPPLIES, 4, Ashland Place, Paddington St., London, W.1.

# No finger stain or throat irritation with CRAVEN "A"




★ THE CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTE OF THIS GENERATION ★

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD.—150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

C.A. 205

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY

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Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Herdocalty, London.

# Let the Landlord Pay!

**WE congratulate Mr. Will Thorne on doing a public service by calling attention, at a recent meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party, to a very real evil in our midst.**

**Mr. Thorne urged that steps** should be taken to alter the law so that the responsibility of **paying Property Tax should be** *on the property owner instead of the tenant.*

Under the system of collection of Income Tax at source, tenants can be held responsible for Property Tax, which, is actually the liability of the landlord. The tenant has the right, however, to deduct the payment of tax from future payments of rent.

Property Tax is payable on January 1 each year in one instalment, but the law makes no provision nor offers any relief to the tenant who has not got the funds to pay this lump sum down.

**Indeed, hundreds of cases have come to the notice of JOHN BULL'S Income Tax Free Advice Bureau where the bailiffs have been sent to distrain upon the furniture of the tenant.**

It is this scandalous state of affairs which Mr. Thorne seeks to have put right, and we have no hesitation in assuring him that if he is successful in getting the law amended in this connection it will mean the end of many heartrending cases.

Property is assessed on what is known as the net annual value, and this assessment is acknowledged by the Inland Revenue as being the actual income from the property to the landlord, and, as such, it is taxed at source. The landlord has the right to reclaim the tax if he is not liable to Income Tax.

In cases where rent is large and paid quarterly or monthly, little or no hardship is suffered by the tenant, for the rent invariably exceeds the tax, and when the tax is paid direct to the Revenue authorities by the tenant it can easily be stopped out of the rent.

But in the case of the working man paying a small weekly rent, it is frequently impossible for him to find the money necessary to pay the demand which is made each January.

*"The tenant's furniture is swept away by the bailiff . . . to raise money for the Landlord's Tax"*

HE can, of course, appeal to the landlord to take over the liability; but this is purely a voluntary step on the part of the landlord, for, although he is liable for this tax, the responsibility for paying it rests on the tenant.

Take the case of a war widow in Liverpool, whose landlord either would not, or could not, pay the tax. A rent of 15s. a week was payable in this case, and as the property was assessed at £21, this meant that £4 14s. 6d. Property Tax was claimed.

This woman, whose income did not exceed £100 a year and who could barely make ends meet, told the rent collector that she could not find the £4 14s. 6d. The collector assured her that the landlord would pay the tax.

But a few weeks later a bailiff arrived, and after writing down a list of belongings to a value far in excess of the Property Tax, left his man there and claimed 3s. levy fee and 5s. a day for his man.

Fortunately, a relative came to the widow's rescue and got the bailiffs out of the house by paying the amount demanded.

**We advised the widow to cease paying rent until she had recouped herself for the Property Tax paid; but the landlord refused to allow the bailiffs' costs, and, unfortunately, he was legally entitled to do so.**

## WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Another glaring case of imposition is that of a transport worker, who took a house at Sidcup last December at £1 a week rent. In February the collector of taxes called personally with a demand for £11 14s., being £7 17s. 6d. for the Income Tax year 1934-35 and £3 16s. 6d. for the Income Tax year 1933-34.

The tenant was informed that the tax was in arrear, and that not only had the landlord not paid, but also the previous tenant had left without paying it.

Our reader saw the landlord, who promised that the matter would receive his immediate attention. Nothing, however, was done, and very soon a bailiff arrived.

In this case the removal of the furniture was prevented at the last minute by the collector agreeing to accept the payment of the Property Tax by weekly instalments until the arrears were paid.

But all the time the furniture was legally under distraint, and one most unhappy result was that the tenant's wife suffered a nervous breakdown. The thought of her husband being thrown out of work and not being able to pay up the arrears was too great a strain on her.

THEN from Swansea comes the case of a miner who point blank refused to have anything to do with the Income-Tax collector's demand for the Property Tax. He simply sent all demand notes and papers on to the landlord.

One evening he arrived home and found that most of the furniture from his little sitting-room had gone—the bailiffs had levied execution for the unpaid tax. Not till after an immense amount of trouble, and with the assistance of friends, did he manage to get his furniture back before it went to public auction.

And here is another side to the clumsy machinery of the Revenue in matters of this nature.

A small property owner in Leeds had no other income but his rents, and these did not bring him within the taxation limits. He went to the Inland Revenue and asked if they would agree to discharge the assessment on the property, as his allowances exceed the income he receives from this source. He pointed out that this, first, would save his tenants from having to find a lump sum, which they could not afford; and, secondly, save a reclaim of tax each year by him.

He was curtly told that there was nothing in the Income Tax Acts to permit this procedure. In this case not only the tenants, but the landlord, were inconvenienced, and a lot of unnecessary work for the Revenue was done in sending out demands, collecting the tax and then repaying it.

We could continue to quote similar cases which prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the law regarding the collection of Property Tax needs immediate and drastic amendment.

The collectors of taxes, most of them reasonable officials, are powerless to do anything.

AS the law now stands they go to the tenant first. If payment is not made, then they may go to the landlord, and if he does not pay they must go back to the tenant, who must find the tax or risk having his goods seized.

**We know of cases where even children's bicycles and other articles of small second-hand value have been swept away by the bailiff, in addition to furniture, to raise the money for Property Tax.**

This vicious state of affairs should no longer be tolerated.

Now that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has seen his way to grant some slight relief in Income Tax, let him go a step further and put a stop to the prosecution of the tenant for Income Tax which is really no concern or liability of his whatsoever.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# Forgetting the Slum in the Mansion!

## Blackest Town for Mothers

## Electricity—Action at Last

THERE can be no doubt that the poor living conditions which countless thousands of domestic servants have to endure have been improved in recent years.

But we have evidence that they sometimes still fall far below any reasonable standard—so much so as to imperil the health of large numbers of men and women

### Even in Mayfair

There are "servants' slums" which disgrace even the aristocratic district of Mayfair.

So, when the Earl of Dudley spoke the other day of "a good deal of overcrowding in the houses of Mayfair," he referred not to the wealthy folk and their palatial rooms, but to hard-worked domestics who often have to be content with damp garrets and airless basements

### Stifling dens

In the home of a titled woman not far from Hyde Park the two servants who are required to do all the work of a big household have as their sleeping quarters a corner of the underground kitchen, curtained off from the rest of the room.

There is little ventilation, the air is always stifling and filled with the smell of cooking.

Moreover, they are denied even a few hours of unbroken rest, since members of the family frequently invade the kitchen in the early hours of the morning to cook a belated meal.

### Home—in a cupboard

We must tell you also of a girl, one of four maids in a big house, whose bed is fitted into one of those large cupboards which are frequently to be found in the passages of basements.

The cupboard is just big enough to take the bed—and no more. When the girl goes to bed the door of the cupboard has to be left open.

Hotel conditions are sometimes as bad. One of the worst cases brought to our notice is that of a manservant at a West End establishment, who has to sleep with six others in a windowless basement which contains the hotel boiler!

### How to stop it

The remedy is clearly, as Lord Dudley urges, that the overcrowding provisions of the new Housing Bill should not be confined to working-class districts.

In our opinion, it should be made as much an offence for well-to-do people to force their servants to live in slums as for an unscrupulous landlord to impose overcrowding upon his tenants.

### The New Deal

Mr. Lloyd George's New Deal proposals, published this week, are obviously preferable to the Government's lack of policy concerning unemployment.

Generally speaking, we agree with the claim that they are "practical suggestions for putting our economic system on a business basis." We doubt, however, whether Mr. Lloyd George will be able to secure the return of sufficient supporters at the coming General Election to ensure the New Deal being tried out.

Its main virtue will probably consist in directing the public mind to the more practical policy of the Labour Party.

### More the merrier!

The attack on the Government for appointing extra Ministers has produced an interesting mite of information for the public. Sir Herbert Samuel, speaking from experience, declares that the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster never has more than two hours' work a week. The Lord Privy Seal, he adds, is entirely a sinecure.

You will be relieved to hear, however, that the Chancellor gets only £2,000 a year, and the Lord Privy Seal £3,000!

But we are still wondering why a "Minister of Thought" should be required. Can it be that his colleagues haven't the ability to think even if they've plenty of time?

*Smart servants of a smart house . . . but their bedroom is, as likely as not, a slum!*

### Work refused

If they thought a little more they might allow more orders to come to this country and create work.

Since they will not allow reasonable credits to Russia, a £6,000,000 railway order—which would employ 30,000 men—has just gone to France.

Yet Russia has not defaulted on the trade credits granted in the past, and every penny has been paid on the day it was due.

### Grudging surrender

And it is certainly not to Sir Kingsley Wood's credit that he twice refused the concession before agreeing to allow the £2 maternity benefit to women whose husbands have been workless for a long time.

As Postmaster-General, Sir Kingsley proved that he had foresight and sympathy with the underdogs. He will prove a deplorably bad Minister of Health if he continues his new-found miserliness.

### Britain's blackest spot

He should certainly do something about Hebburn-on-Tyne, the town of tragic motherhood.

There the death-rate for women in childbirth and of infants is about double that of the rest of the country.

The fact that 542 families each live in one room may have a lot to do with it.

### Electricity probe

But it is certainly welcome news that the Government is setting up an enquiry into the electricity chaos which we condemned in a recent series of articles.

If the committee succeeds in obtaining cheaper current and better distribution it will earn the public's thanks. And there's no reason why it shouldn't!

### Salute to war

The Rev. N. G. Railton, Senior Chaplain to the Forces, thinks "there are things in peaceful England to-day far more horrible than a good, clean war." And he wonders why people are horrified by war talk.

Well, in the last war 7,219,292 persons were killed and 14,779,701 wounded. Great numbers of men were smashed and torn and mangled, many drowned in the mud, others died from such filthy diseases as cholera and dysentery.

### What he forgets

Among the "lucky ones" are 6,000 British ex-Service men in mental hospitals, as well as the men in other institutions who are so terribly maimed that they cannot be exposed to the gaze even of their relatives. And most survivors, we fancy, could tell of the plagues of lice and rats and the general filth in 1914-18

Evidently our reverend friend has yet to learn that modern warfare is neither good nor clean.

### Big differences

We have more respect for the point raised by the Recorder of Manchester concerning the penalty for being drunk while in charge of a car.

Should a taxi-driver who after a hard day's work takes a glass too much have his licence suspended and lose his living? Before you say "Yes," remember that the gay young spark who receives similar punishment is not thereby deprived of the right to earn a livelihood.

Well, we see no reason why the latter should not be fined much more heavily. That would, at any rate, do something to level up the differences.

### Petty penalties

We wish the Recorder had also commented upon the extraordinary leniency often meted out to drunken motorists who happen to occupy a position of some local standing.

They may escape with no more than a 10s. fine without suspension, though less fortunate offenders are fined the usual £20 and have their licence suspended.

While such anomalies continue we can hardly boast of our British justice.

*The Fragrant Minute.*

## BENEFACTOR NO. 1

*BENEFACTOR No. One, working from the rise of sun, working till the long day's done—a mother. Living in a dreary street, seldom has enough to eat, aching back and aching feet—a mother.*

*Feeds her children best she can, tries to keep them spick and span, works far harder than a man—this mother. Every day she goes to work, ill-paid work she dare not shirk. Oh! what poverty and murk, for mother. Precious children numbering three, everybody will agree, Public Benefactor she—this mother.*

*Children needed by the State. Hers are sadly underweight, pennies go at such a rate—poor mother. Aircraft costs so much these days, warships have expensive ways, for these evils someone pays—just mother.*

**Wilhelmina Stitch.**

*"John Bull" Copyright*

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

### Bad for bootleggers

We also note with considerable satisfaction that the police are now hot in pursuit of the gentry who defraud the Revenue by distilling spirits at home. This follows our revelations of a scheme to establish illicit stills in all parts of the country.

Already prosecutions have been made in places so far apart as Wimborne and West Hartlepool, and we think the bootleggers would be wise to seek a safer method of earning a dishonest living.

### Shafts of death

Once more we must comment on the peril of unguarded pits. The other day three men were eating in a shed near a disused pit shaft at Hoyland, Yorkshire. A flash—and all were killed.

A miners' leader points out that large numbers of such shafts exist all over the country, a perpetual danger to the public. The Mines Department must see that they are filled in—and that no more are left.

### Asking for disaster

But it is good to know the authorities are keeping a close eye on perilous road cargoes.

A huge petrol lorry recently passed through Manchester leaking as it went. A dropped match might have caused disaster, said the Home Office inspector who prosecuted the owners.

Yet the required fireproof shield between the engine and the great tank was missing!

### Generous

We admire the spirit of the Rhondda Valley men.

Every club in the area is organising money-raising ventures and exacting small sums from members—most of whom are unemployed—in order to send ten thousand mothers and children away for a seaside holiday.

### Bad deal for the blind

We are particularly sorry for the blind people of South Shields. Only two couples receive the maximum allowance of 30s. a week, and single persons get only 18s. a week, compared with the 25s. allowed at Sunderland.

Surely the terrible handicap of blindness should not be measured in such parsimonious terms!

### Relief for ratepayers

But we have no quarrel with the Harrogate Town Council for refusing to grant £200 to assist the local airmen to create another long-distance flying record.

It is argued that such a flight would be a good advertisement for the Yorkshire spa. We suggest a better advertisement would be the reducing of the ratepayers' burdens rather than the increasing of them by financing a purely private enterprise.

### Free furniture

But cheeseparers will groan at the news that Blackburn, not wanting ex-slum dwellers to move into new houses with bad furniture, intends to supply plain furniture up to a value of £18 for each house.

We consider the experiment a wise one. Disease costs more to the community than clean wood.

### B.B.C. takes the hint

We are glad that in future the B.B.C. artists will not be allowed to make jesting references to cross-eyes, among other physical afflictions. It was only two months ago that we criticised the unnecessary licence given to broadcasting comedians on this subject.

Evidently the B.B.C. has taken the hint.

# Hire-Purchase Babies!

THE English girl in her early twenties is a pretty creature and a lucky one. She has all the freedom that the Law can give. Public opinion is more tolerant than at any time in history. Never were parents kept more firmly in their place.

When high-spirited girl undergraduates are ent down from Oxford, Press and public are at nce on their side. The Principal is voted frumpish" before one word of her side of the se has been heard.

Clothes are designed to give the modern girl he utmost freedom. So long as she will consent o put on anything at all, the borough councillors ave to be content.

The august Ministry of Health, which usually eeds five enquiries and ten years before it will llow even a place-name to be changed, recently alled on the Corporation of a seaside resort to hange old by-laws which demanded a rather-ore-than-usual covering as a bathing suit.

"Chaperon" and "duenna" have passed out f common use. The modern girl would not know ow to spell the words. From a period when ven engaged couples were not left alone until he wedding ring was firmly affixed before a large ongregation, we have drifted into a time when rial marriages are advocated, "just to see if the oung couple like each other enough." The emoval of obstacles to "a good time" is com-lete.

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YOUNGSTERS have won this freedom at a time when the moral training that used to be supplied by the churches is non-existent in housands of comfortable homes.

Recently I stayed in a home where no member f the family had ever been to church except to ttend a wedding or a funeral; and where the laughters were growing up, ignorant of the sim-lest religious teaching.

"We don't believe all that stuff," said the ldest. She had no philosophy of life, no idea of he future beyond what she was going to do the ext hour—the next week.

But religion is not only a matter of believing ertain doctrines. Faiths which to us seem quite ncredible did good work in their day by training he growing generation in the simple ethics suit-ble for their stage of progress. To live without ny defined standards is possible and easy—until he human being comes up against one of the eally big crises of life.

In our day the good-time girl who so frankly njoys every pleasure that comes her way is early ntroduced to the pleasures of love. I work with irls a good deal. I organise them in their shops nd factories, appeal to them at election times.

The girl of sixteen who could pass an exam-nation in the works of Dr. Marie Stopes is no arity. Marriage holds no mysteries for her—except one. How to deal with its consequences, f she decides to have them.

"I rather think I will have a baby. They all ay it's the best way to keep your man," said a asual slip of a girl who had just strolled into a egister office with a boy like herself, both utterly gnorant of the awful responsibility of bringing a human creature into being.

The modern girl is a specialist in all that eads up to marriage. She knows how to keep er skin nice, her body fresh, her clothes attrac-ive. In the arts of sex-appeal the girl of the ineteen-thirties has had few equals in history.

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STILL, I doubt if in many periods there has been so casual an attitude to what comes after. In previous times the girl was trained y her mother—at least, in what lore and tradi-ion there was. To-day, the good-time mother of orty is nearly as ignorant as her girl-bride aughter, and often as casual.

There might be something to be said in favour f the lack of fear—of awesomeness, if the health tatistics did not show the practical results. The eneral death-rate has gone down sharply. The ates for all the main killing diseases except ancer show substantial reductions. But the aternal mortality rates are higher than at any

*A film study of Mary Astor and Baby Jane*

***Some young mothers do know how to take care of their babies, but, as Miss Wilkinson points out, "many modern girls haven't the remotest idea"***

time since 1911, the year when the present classification was introduced.

Poverty alone cannot account for this. Except in the black spots of the distressed areas, the standard of living is higher than it was then, the poor better looked after than in the old poor-law days.

Besides, the curious thing is that (again excepting certain specially poor areas) the death

*by*

**ELLEN WILKINSON**

rate among mothers does not vary with the incomes of the district, though the infant death-rate does. Certain middle-class suburbs show a higher death-rate among young mothers than poorer parts of the same town.

The Ministry of Health recently conducted an expert enquiry into the social circumstances of women who die in childbirth. The figures were startling. The careful sample taken gave: among the well-to-do, 68; among the comfortably circumstanced, 956; among the poor (but not destitute), 866.

Well-to-do women are put in the hands of nurses and doctors as soon as the child is on the way. They are under constant supervision. The interesting contrast shown by the figures is between the "comfortable" and the "poor."

Good-time girls come in the main from the "comfortable" classes. The girl in the poor home is too near to hard facts to be entirely undisciplined. Traditions hold longest in the upper and the lower strata of any society.

Diet plays an enormous part in the health of the expectant mother. Within the obvious limits of nutrition values the plainer the food the better. But a girl whose appetite has been destroyed by cocktails and the highly seasoned titbits which accompany them simply won't, perhaps can't, keep to any sound dietetic advice.

Usually she doesn't trouble to get any. She is absorbed in the problem of her figure. Because she has always kept thin on a low diet she thinks she can continue the racket. The lead pencil is dangerous as an ideal of womanly beauty. Lead pencils don't have babies.

Nature, however, fights to save the mothers in spite of themselves. A lot of the old jokes are becoming out of date—particularly the one where the poor mother says, "We always give baby what we have ourselves."

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BABY welfare centres are producing very knowledgeable mothers. When I visit the baby clinics in my constituency I find hundreds of young mothers from the poorest areas. They bring their babies every week to be weighed and get advice of a kind and quality that was not available even to Queen Victoria. If only they could get more and better food as well, the statistics would show even a more marked improvement.

The girls scheduled as "comfortable"—a pretty wide term when applied to classes—are usually much too "uppish" to go to the public welfare clinics, and can't afford expensive private advice. They haven't the remotest idea what to do with the baby, except to make it look pretty.

A doctor at a recent child welfare conference said, "Such mothers take their scanty allowance to a chemist, and buy a feeding bottle, a dummy and a bottle of gripe water. This is their only equipment for raising a child."

A couple of gay youngsters I know quite well married with only one guiding principle, "Hire purchase will solve all problems." By the time the baby arrived they were paying for a house, furniture, a refrigerator (because the husband liked his beer cold, and the wife found that cocktails tasted so much better that way), and a little car.

Though the income was not small, they had hardly a shilling to spare for the baby—on whose arrival they had expended far less thought and care than on the choice of the car and the "fridge."

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TO the husband, the baby was an addition to the household gadgets. To the wife, a cute plaything, until it began to restrict her good times. After a few months it was simply left in the house when they wanted to go out for an evening.

The mother collected advice from her own set, and haphazardly dosed a baby that only needed regular feeding and attention. Then the mother got bored and the baby gave up the struggle.

When I last visited them, Jim was happy under the car, about whose "innards" he would talk for hours. Stella was preparing oddments for a party she was throwing that evening. "Of course, yes, it was awful about baby—but I don't think I will have any more. I really couldn't go through it all again." She expected sympathy. But if that baby had had to be obtained on the hire-purchase system they would have taken far more care of it.

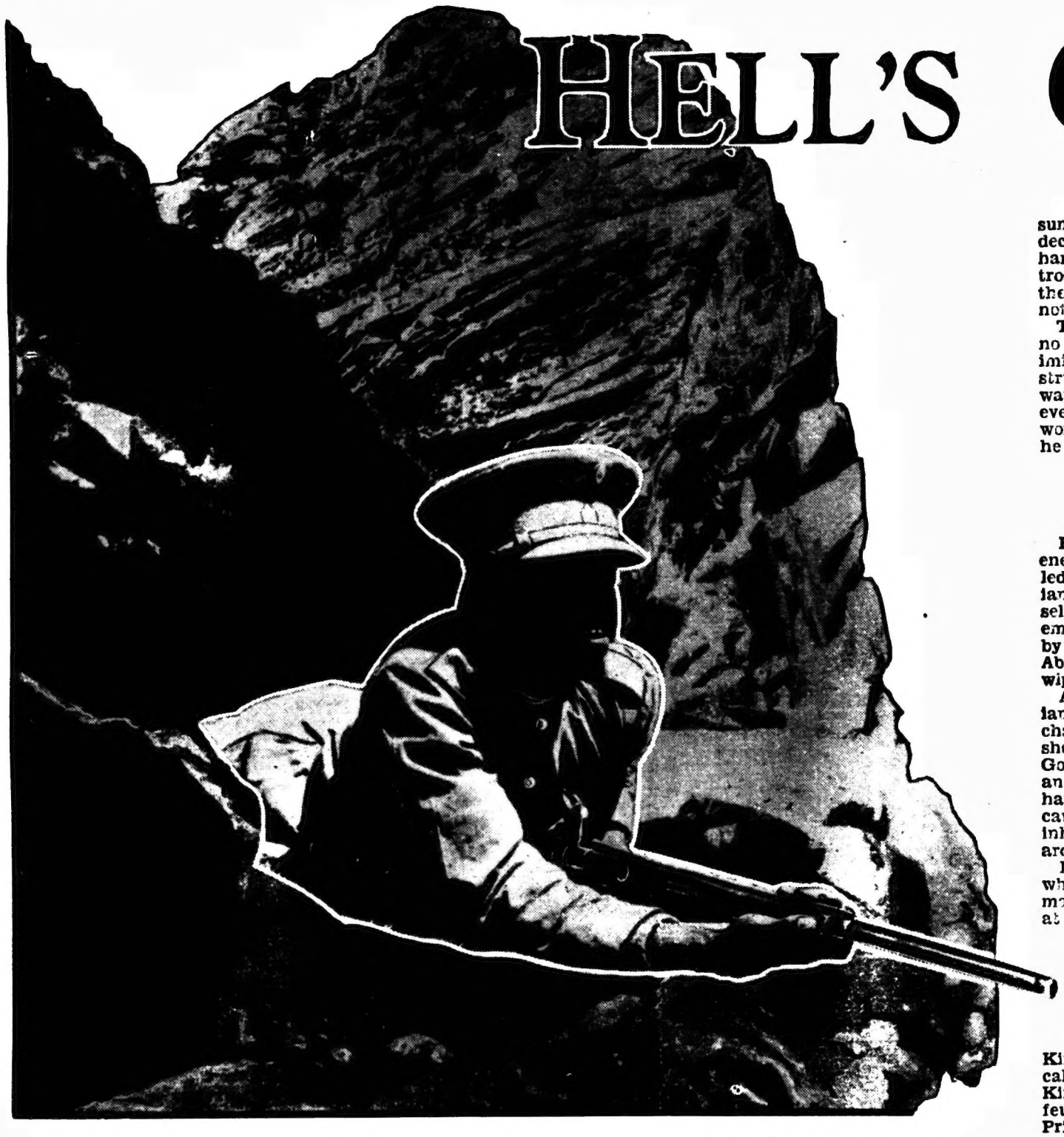
And the solution to the problem? Is it to lessen freedom, to send girls back to heavy petticoats and chaperons?

Emphatically NO. The right use of freedom has to be learned like any other technique. You cannot learn to swim by keeping on dry land, though dry land is so safe. No one can work out the solution but the girls themselves.

It is a pity that so much of the appeal to their hearts and imagination should be based on so low a level. The film and the novel place too much emphasis on getting married, on the trouble between husband and wife, and that "other woman" afterwards. The child is shown as a picturesque addition to the dramatic moment.

But is there any drama in life so amazing as the fact of the child, and its slow adjustment to the difficult business of living? And, after all, that does remain the biggest job in life for most women.

# HELL'S Own B



*From the pestilential mountains of Abyssinia will come a foe, vicious, spiteful—to whom cruelty is second nature*

"MUSSOLINI means war . . . war on Abyssinia." Just at present we hear that almost every day.

What we don't hear is what war on Abyssinia, if it ever comes off, will mean to Mussolini and his Roman legions.

That is "the other side of the picture" which is not shown to the Italian people. But, in this country, we are entirely at liberty to reveal it for the enlightenment of the British public. And we have no doubt as to what they will think of it. . . .

If the Italian troops advance to invade Abyssinia they will be advancing to almost the most terrifying task that a European army could undertake. Very few of us can have any idea of how desperate a task it is: indeed, one wonders if even the strategists in Rome know precisely to what fate they are sending their soldiers.

There are three ways from which the Italians can enter Abyssinia—from the south, across Somaliland, from the east, through Danakilland, and by the north-east corner.

Consider that last entrance, the easiest of all. It is not a passage that any Italian can make unmoved. For almost the first place which the army must pass is named Adowa.

Here, on May 1, 1896, an Italian army under Colonel Baratieri faced the forces of the Abyssinian emperor, Menelik. By the evening nothing was left of the Italian army but three thousand terrified prisoners.

The whole world was astounded, for this was the first time that a native African State had stood up to a European Power and defeated it. Neither the Abyssinians nor the Italians have ever forgotten. The Abyssinians still regard the Italians as the least formidable of Europeans and are calmly confident that they will ultimately crush them again.

They do not trouble to remember that the odds were in their favour. Menelik had nearly 80,000 men—wild tribesmen and rabble in part, it is true. Baratieri had something over 13,000, all properly organised regiments.

## Not true

Mussolini recently said that "100,000 Abyssinians overwhelmed 4,000 Italians." It is not true, and the size of his falsification of figures shows how great was his need to overcome the apprehensions of his audience.

The Italians remember their defeat with shame and with fear. The Abyssinians proved themselves a cruel and dangerous enemy.

The treatment of the prisoners taken by Menelik himself was not too hard: but the average fate of the prisoner taken by an Abyssinian tribesman makes the blood of an Italian soldier run cold. Death is a kindness. Slavery is a more common fate. Slavery has been nominally abolished since the days of Adowa, but the abolition is largely nominal. And in many tribes the slave prisoner is indeed allowed to live, but he is a man no more. That fate, to an Italian, is worse than death.

Cruelty is still second nature to the Abyssinian: men and women by law have their hands chopped off for minor offences. That is what they do to their own people: what invaders and enemies may suffer can best be imagined.

Little blame to the Italians if they huddle together in great, slow moving masses, knowing that isolated detachments will meet a horrible fate!

Momentarily, however, the Italians passing by Adowa may well meet with success. From Adowa to the capital Addis Ababa the land is fertile though mountainous. The vast numbers of troops which Mussolini has collected will be able to force their way through.

The dysentery, fever, malaria and sunstroke which will in due course decimate the unwieldy mass will hardly have begun their work. The troops will enter the capital to find they have gained — absolutely nothing.

The Emperor, Haile Selassie, will no doubt leave with some regrets the imitation European city he has constructed, with a railway station, water taps that sometimes run and even telephones that sometimes work. He will probably burn it as he leaves.

## Empty

But he will go back with revived energy to the life that his forefathers led, which is the life of all Abyssinians. The Italians will find themselves in possession of a burnt and empty town, surrounded for miles by a dreary plain from which Abyssinian destructiveness has wiped out every tree.

At regular intervals the Abyssinians abandon their capitals nonchalantly, and go elsewhere, as we should abandon a worn-out coat. Gondar, Addis Salem, Debra Tabor and Dire Dawa are all capitals which have been deserted in their day because of the damage their barbarous inhabitants had done to the country around.

Nor are the places such as Harrar, which are marked as towns on the map, towns in our sense of the word at all. They are villages of 6,000 inhabitants—hardly worth the destroying.

The organisation of Abyssinia—if one can speak of organisation of so primitive a society—is feudal. It is like England in the days of King John. The Emperor, who is called Negus Negusti, or King of Kings, rules over a great number of feudal chiefs, called Rasses, or Princes. In addition to the regular troops of the King of Kings, each Ras has his own feudal army with which he supports his ruler.

He does not fight according to the rules studied in the Italian military academies. He esteems it no shame to dissolve his army promptly when the enemy appears in force: he knows it will reassemble in twenty-four hours' time many miles away.

## Lost in jungle

He does not dig trenches or stand up to hand-to-hand fighting. He wears out his enemies by continual harassing and guerilla warfare, until he has them distracted and scattered. No large force will oppose them, but guides will offer to lead them to waterholes or to the secret fortresses of the Ras.

After days of wandering the guide vanishes and the troops find themselves lost in the jungle or the desert. Then the Ras and his followers set on them in overwhelming force and massacre them.

Such is their method of warfare. Treacherous and cowardly, the Italians call it; we may sympathise, but we cannot deny it is effective.

The Emperor's own soldiers are armed with the latest known weapons, and have plenty of ammunition. There is good reason to believe that the Japanese have for some time been quietly equipping the

# Battleground

# ABYSSINIA —the TERRIBLE TRUTH

orces of the Negus egusti on a very large cale.

The forces of the asses are also equipped ith very modern eapons. The older and bsolescent rifles and ther arms with which he Abyssinian army was quipped six years ago ave been sold, with unning economy, to the ilder tribes like the allas and Danakils. hey serve these savages ery well for their purposes; and in the near uture these purposes will e to break continually he Italian lines of communication, by shooting lown couriers, messengers and small relief arties. As a communication line rom Addis Ababa to Massawa, on he coast, would be over 500 miles, he tribesmen will have plenty of pportunity for what they will egard as "good hunting."

Both regular and irregular troops re organised on a basis unknown to European general headquarters.

Each man arrives with dried provender sufficient for a month, three eeks, or whatever be his first period. n that time he must and will kill t least one enemy warrior. Wherever the Italians concentrate their forces, the Abyssinians will anish. But each Italian straggler, ach detachment that goes too far nto jungle or desert, will be trapped nd massacred.

## Killing heat

The conditions under which these wretched conscripts, with their heavy loads and great lorries of food and ammunition, will toil in search of their ferocious and unwearied enemies can scarcely be imagined. The heat in certain parts of Somaliland and Danakil-land rises to 160 deg. F. in the sun and 138 deg. in the shade. The tribesmen walk about uncovered in this sun which would kill a hatless European in a few hours.

Water is so scarce in many areas that the tribesman travels with a waterskin as an Englishman travels with an umbrella.

Wal-wal, the place where all the trouble started, is a mere mudhole, marked on the map only because the least dampness is a treasure more valuable than gold.

Several of the volcanic wells are poisonous: water is most often, in these bad lands, found in the hollows of rocks, where it is slowly lost by evaporation.

Waterholes also exist: they are very difficult to find, as at a short distance they are invisible and their exact location is kept a jealous secret by the tribes.

It is easy to imagine the fate of a division attempting to use this water supply, which is sufficient for the swift-moving, wiry tribes. The pools would be drunk dry before half were satisfied, and the mudholes trampled in and exhausted. Before long immediate retreat or death from thirst would face the Italians, and their enemies need not have fired a single shot or poisoned a single well.

Great patches of the country are covered by thornbush. The thorns are described as hard as steel and capable of penetrating the ordinary shoe. A way can be hacked through them for men, but camels, the necessary transport here, can scarcely get through and the Abyssinians are not likely to show their enemies the paths around, though false guides will, as usual, offer their services and lead the strangers to disaster.

In the open spaces great fissures appear in the earth, in which the camels stumble and break their legs. Very skilled camel drivers can slowly coax their animals across; the Italian army does not consist of very skilled and patient camel drivers.

The asps and scorpions with which the country abounds are less dangerous than the human inhabitants. The Abyssinians are cruel enough, but the barbarity of the lesser known tribes is of the kind to which mercy is an unknown word.

A man is honoured in accordance with the number whom he has killed: he may not marry, often, unless he can show proof that he has murdered, or at least mutilated, a stranger, and stones are put on his grave in strict accordance with the number he has slain.

Till very recently no white man had entered the Danakil-land, the border of Italian Eritrea and Abyssinia, and come out alive. Munzinger's expedition in 1875, Giuletti's in 1881, and Bianchi's in 1884 all met the same fate. The natives waited till drought and the sun had done their work, and then set upon and massacred the exhausted whites.

The area was first crossed, with the greatest suffering and a series of miraculous escapes from death, by Nesbitt, Rosina and Pastori in 1928.

In 1929 Baron Franchetti, with a more elaborate equipment, including a machine-gun—but nothing like what an expeditionary force would have to carry—managed to dash across by the shortest possible route.

Seven thousand Abyssinian troops stood waiting to welcome him on the other side, and the Emperor had threatened the natives with the most frightful revenge if the Baron was not given every assistance.

So inaccessible are these regions that they contain a Sultanate, the Aussa, which was for years unknown, and concerning which were spread the wildest stories. Because it was less desolate and savage than others it was thought of as another Canaan, flowing with milk and honey.

*The Italians will find Abyssinia's treacherous desolation very different from the Alps, where they have been preparing for the assault*

Part of the country is basalt and lava, for the "African rift" is volcanic and certain mountains such as Afdera are still active. Basalt is a hard, blue-black rock which forms knife-edge valleys and precipices. The rock splinters like glass and slices the feet of camels to pieces. Men who are not born to clambering across these hills inevitably slip and fall: each fall means painful wounds. After one day's stumbling here better troops than the Italians would be easy preys for conccaled marksmen.

## Other trials

In the wetter mountain areas a different purgatory awaits the forces of Mussolini. The Italian army, it has been announced, is prepared for mountain fighting. Regiment after regiment has been exercised in the past few months in the Alps, with the most satisfactory results.

But this campaign is going to be no pleasant expedition across well-pathed mountains, ending in the evening in a valley at an inn, with plenty of spaghetti and chianti and patriotic songs.

The high, unexplored mountains of Abyssinia are split by valleys which are among the most pestilential places in the world. As some parts of Abyssinia suffer from the effects of drought, these suffer from the evils of excessive rainfall. The jungle that grows up in them is a trap for white men; it is less unhealthy than the worst parts of the Congo, it is true, but there are few other parts which have to be treated with more circumspection by white men.

## Conditions

It is true it is not *impossible* for a white army to march through these areas at the right season of the year. To do so, and not to lose an excessive number of effectives, the army must fulfil two conditions.

The first is, it must not be too great in numbers to move quickly. The maximum number is probably the 32,000 which Napier took to Magdala in 1867. The second is, that every member should adopt automatically the most rigid precautions against disease.

How far are these conditions being observed?

We know the answer only too well. Mussolini, in his megalomania, is piling up troops till their number runs to a million. And the Italian army is far, very far, from being rigidly trained in sanitary matters. In this land of fever and poisonous insects, carelessness will bring immediate punishment.

Yet not mountains, nor disease, nor savages are the worst enemies: the greatest foe that the Italians have to meet is the heat.

The figure of 160 deg. in the sun given above is a mere numeral: it gives no idea of the power of an Abyssinian sun.

"Sky and sand," says one of the latest travellers (Mr. Nesbitt), "were one colour, the horizon unseen, by reason of the haze into which both merged and mingled in one quivering glare.

We seemed to be walking shoulder high in some fluid thicker and far more resistant than air."

After months of fighting in conditions like these, chasing a disappearing foe, ambushed, exhausted by heat and thirst, in what state will the Italian conscript armies be?

The Abyssinians reckon that they will be doomed to defeat—that in nine months the tribes can concentrate again and a new and more terrible Adowa will put an end to the hopes of a Fascist empire!

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# The TERROR Upon Us

by A. G. Gardiner

*That new menace, the aeroplane, which at the outbreak of war would be launched not against the armies, but against the civil populations*

No more ghastly document was ever issued to the nation than the Home Office circular that has been sent to the public authorities throughout the country in the last few days.

It is in effect a summons to the nation to prepare against a horror that may descend on it at any moment—a horror that science has made practicable, and that the incredible failure of human statesmanship has brought near.

I do not blame the Government for the issue of this alarm signal or for the steps it proposes to take against the bombardment of British cities and homes by enemy aircraft. It is the duty of the Government to take account of facts

It assures us that the issue of the instructions "in no way implies a risk of war in the near future." Nor does it imply any slackening of effort to avert the peril by outlawing aerial warfare and establishing collective peace.

But the peril exists. All Europe resounds with the preparation for war and the manufacture of arms is the only thriving industry over half the Continent. Vaster armies are being equipped, great new naval programmes are in hand in Germany, in France, in Italy, in America, in Japan, and here.

## Aim of war

Most sinister of all is the expansion everywhere of that new menace of war, the aeroplane, which at the first outbreak of hostilities would be launched in myriads, not against the armies in the field, but against the factories and railways and civil populations of the countries involved.

The chief aim of war is not to destroy armies, but to destroy the *morale* of peoples. And the air weapon with its swiftness and range offers the possibility of a sudden and overwhelming surprise entirely new in the experience of war. It is certain that if war comes, which God forbid, it will begin in the air. It may well be that it will be decided in the air.

These grim considerations cannot be ignored. If they were, and if the worst came to the worst, the Government that ignored them would be guilty of a criminal betrayal of the people of whose safety it is the guardian. We have been slow in accepting the horrible possibility of the deliberate and indiscriminate slaughter of civil population as conceivable. Berlin has long been familiar with mock aerial attacks and schemes of protection against gas and bombs. So, too, has Paris. Everywhere on the Continent the assumption prevails that war means war in the air and war unlimited and merciless, waged as it has never been waged before, against the unarmed and helpless civilians behind the lines.

But while the Government has only done its obvious duty in devising protective measures, it would be idle to pretend that those measures give much assurance of adequacy.

## Immediate action

What are they? The Government itself undertakes certain functions. It will issue the warnings, control the lighting restrictions, accumulate stocks of air masks and protective clothing, co-ordinate hospital stores and equipment, arrange dumps of bleaching powder for gas decontamination after air raids, train instructors in anti-gas measures, etc.

But obviously centralised control cannot deal with a danger which may strike at Bristol one day, York the next, London the next. To be of any use, action must be instant.

Hence the Home Office circular mobilises the local authorities, County Councils, Borough Councils, Rural District Councils. It calls on them for first-aid and decontamination, to organise rescue parties and emergency measures, to train voluntary workers, arrange demonstrations, teach the public anti-gas measures and air-raid precaution.

The scheme next descends to employers, who are to organise first-aid squads, fire squads, and so on among their staffs. And, finally, for this is Everybody's business, we come down to Tom, Dick and Harry and the Widow in Bye Street.

We are *all* called upon to learn how to protect our homes and our families, how to behave during air raids, and what to do in cases of injury and contamination.

As to bomb-proof shelters to which we may fly in the hour of peril, they are ruled out as impracticable on the ground of the prohibitive cost of strewing the country with vast concrete structures of great thickness and correspondingly costly works. That seems obvious. You may build funk-holes for an army concentrated on a given area. You cannot build funk-holes for a nation dispersed over a great country.

## First to surrender

There is the scheme. I do not criticise it, nor do I think it is entirely worthless. But it would be a credulous person who felt that it was a serious answer to the peril it is designed to meet. It isn't. The plain fact is that there is no serious answer to that peril except one. If air warfare comes, with its clouds of planes "darkening the sun," as the precious Mussolini foresees in his inflamed vision, we shall all be helpless alike. Our only consolation will be that the population of the enemy country, whatever it may be, are fleeing like scared sheep, too. Our only hope will be that they will be scared into surrender before the deluge of poison and bombs will have scared us into surrender.

Is this to be the end of our science and our civilisation? Is the historian of the future—sitting, as Macaulay imagined him, on a broken arch of London Bridge and surveying the ruins of St. Paul's—to record how the genius of men invented incredible powers and how the folly of men applied those powers to universal suicide? Is that to be the humiliating curtain to the tragic comedy of humanity?

## All afraid

Surely not. But if not, how is the doom to be averted?

Not by schemes, however necessary, for mitigating the doom. Not by dumps of bleaching powder to decontaminate the air, gas-masks for everybody, fire squads, and lectures on how to escape the wrath to come. It can only be averted by striking the peril stone dead.

Is that possible? Of course it is possible. It is so possible that a stroke of the pen, of several pens, can achieve it.

For, remember it is not we alone who sit under this peril from the heavens. Every people in Europe cowers before it. The Parisian lives in perpetual dread of a sudden bolt out of the blue. So does the German. Go, even, to Switzerland and you find that the terror of the air is the chief preoccupation of the people.

A nightmare fear hangs over the whole Continent, and the danger is that in the tense atmosphere a flash of lightning will leap out and that the dread of being forestalled may lead to someone getting his blow in first. That is how things happen. Who knows, even to-day, whether Russia or Germany anticipated the other in that terrific August week-end of 1914?

## The time is right

And the question for us is not whether the Government is taking precautions against the attack if and when it comes; but whether it is straining every nerve to strike the peril dead at its root. The moment is ripe. The peoples clamour for it—the French as much as the British and the German as much as either. Hitler is not the obstacle, if we are to believe his word. He has declared his readiness to join the Air Pact.

Why, then, the delay? Get that signed and Europe will begin to breathe again. Fear will be banished and confidence restored.

We do not want gas-masks. We want the Air Pact, and we want it at once!

## NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

# This Marriage Buisness

"BLESS them all, our dear relations!'
But to this we'd like to add:
'Keep them in their proper stations,
Lest their kindness drive us mad!'"
This would represent the view
Of the av'rage couple who
Have a relative or two!

That a girl's best friend is mother,
We may readily allow;
But ma changes to another
Sort of personage, somehow,
When those words "in-law" are tacked
To her title. Few have lacked
Confirmation of this fact!

Once the parson has cemented
Troth of bridegroom and of bride,
Relatives should be contented
In the background to abide.
Says the Reverend Herbert Gray;
"In-laws," if he had his way,
Would be outlaws from that day!

In telling the Imperial Social Hygiene Congress that the marriages of many young people are handicapped by interfering relations, the Rev. Dr. A. Herbert Gray was saying something too true to be new.

While those who think of matrimony as a long joy-ride are likely to be disappointed, their chances of a pleasant journey would be greater if they could insure against third-party risks.

In films and novels marriages are wrecked by a dark lady of light morals of a fair man with dark designs, but in real life the wreckers are usually much more commonplace.

It is easier to frustrate the dishonourable intentions of a Don Juan or the sort of blonde half-wit gentlemen are supposed to prefer, than to circumvent strictly honourable busybodies like mothers-in-law, cousins twice removed (once by marriage and the second time, let us hope, by a resentful husband), loquacious aunts and elderly maiden ladies of both sexes.

But alas! judging by their own agenda, the social hygienists themselves have not yet realised that, in the matrimonial arena, two's company and three's a crowd that should be declared an unlawful assembly within the meaning of the Act.

After reading some of their learned dissertations, one is left with the feeling that they look upon marriage less as a social contract than something that should be a notifiable disease.

For, having condemned interfering relatives, Dr. Gray urged that doctors and clergymen should interfere in the difficulties of married couples. This suggests that his answer to the question: When is a busybody not a busybody? would be: When he is a social hygienist.

When Adam delved and Eve span,
They squabbled once or twice;
But all such matrimonial tiffs
Were settled in a brace of jiffs,
Without outside advice.

But now if Adam and his Eve
To bicker should begin,
The social and hygienic clan,
The doctor and the clergyman,
Come promptly butting in!

Till Adam, while each "expert" wags
A scientific jaw,
Yearns for the tranquil days of old
When he his own had but to hold
With dear old ma-in-law!

*Catch 'em alive!*

# It's KODAK Film that makes the picture

They little knew you were snapping them! That's the way to get *life-like* pictures—the sort you'll want to keep — happy, natural pictures that will remind you of jolly times spent together. But be sure to use only Kodak Film—so easy to use correctly, so sensitive to tone and detail, and so reliable.

Don't forget to buy a spool before next week-end and mind you say 'Kodak.'

KODAK "VERICHROME" the famous double-coated 8-picture Film, makes fine clear snapshots, *whether the day is dull or bright*, and costs 1/2d. (2½ ins. x 3½ ins. size). Kodak Regular Film: 1/- for 8 pictures (same size). Other popular sizes at proportionate prices. Always ask for "Kodak Film"—sold everywhere by Kodak Dealers.

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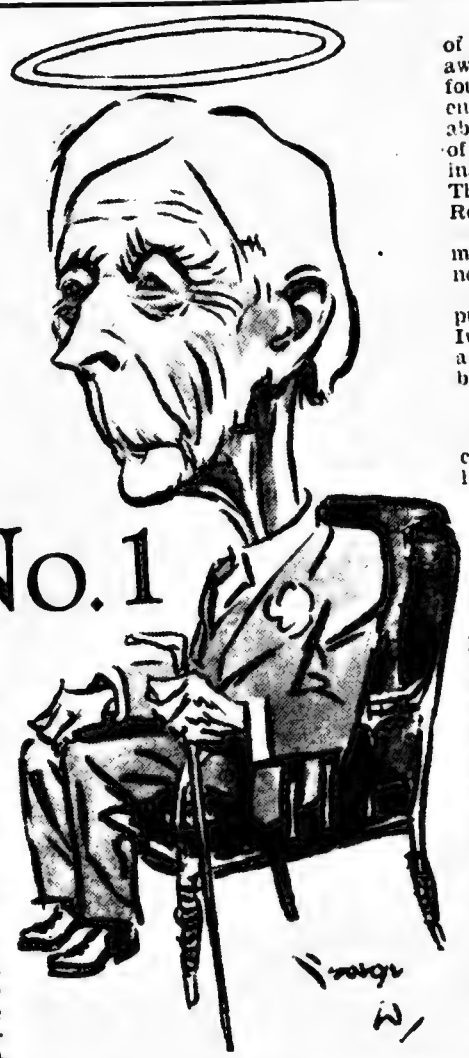
# Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

# You're Almost PUBLIC ANGEL No. 1



DEAR JOHN D.,—The whole world has just read how, on the day when you were ninety-six, you spent it with your son, John D., Junr., who is sixty-one, and your chauffeur's four-year-old daughter, whom you love to watch playing in the garden.

For some years now, stories like this have been told about you. It was not always so.

As you remember more than does anyone, you were for years the world's most execrated man. You personified, in the minds of millions, Big Money and all that Big Money meant.

Your companies were indicted. Anti-trust laws came into being, in the vain hope of limiting your power. "Muck-rakers," as they called them, dug into the history of your millions and exposed a score of things.

And all the time, you, one of the most pious Baptists in America, a man who had never drank a drop of alcohol or smoked a cigarette, went to chapel religiously and sang, with the rest of the congregation, how you yearned for the pearly gates of heaven.

For years, you were regarded not only as a monster, but a hypocrite. You were cartooned. You were lampooned. You were savagely attacked. Your doings excited more publicity than did the life of any man in the United States except the President himself.

* * *

Your recipe for making money was simple.

"If your income is thirty dollars a week," you said, only a few months ago, "save 10 per cent. When your income rises to sixty dollars, save 20 per cent. When it is 120 dollars, save 50 per cent. That is all."

But that was not all. Starting with scarcely a dollar yourself, you got into the oil business in its earliest days, organised it and, in the days of cut-throat competition, were clever enough not only to get a rake-off on the freight rates charged for carrying your own oil, but a rake-off on the rates of your competitors. In the end they were frozen out.

"God gave me my money," you said. You believed it, apparently. But, oh! the sneer that went up when you said it!

Yes, I can remember how, not long before the war, you were perhaps the most hated of all Americans. You had amassed £200,000,000, some said; £400,000,000, said others. And this great fortune, they declared, had been obtained by breaking down all your rivals.

Then something happened in your life. You had retired. You were getting old. You met Ivy Lee. Now I knew Ivy Lee, who died a few months ago. He was America's most brilliant publicity man.

For years and years, your attitude towards the world was "The public be damned." The "public" included employees, when they struck for more money. Once, when twenty men were killed during a strike at a mine controlled by your interests in Colorado, a great outcry went up right across America. The "public" was getting sick of being "damned."

* * *

Then Ivy Lee whispered in your ear. And, in a few years, he made you popular!

Now, during my last trip to America, I heard everywhere denunciations of big bankers, of great industrialists of every kind. Names which had hitherto escaped criticism were then being spoken of as though they were aliases of the Devil himself. Yet, "All the time," a friend said to me, "John D. Rockefeller escapes all blame. In fact, he is now regarded as a sort of angel. Anyway, his companies are sound."

Now do not take these remarks of mine too cynically. The truth is that, of your great fortune, you have given away over £100,000,000. You have founded, all over the world, beneficent enterprises, not just thrown your money about, but so dispensed it that, because of medical schemes you have backed, for instance, numerous lives are being saved. There are Rockefeller Foundations, Rockefeller Institutes. . . .

People have now forgotten how you made your money. They merely talk now of how you spend it.

The case for you, the man, was so well put before the public for some years by Ivy Lee that you are no longer regarded as a despoiler of mankind. You have become almost Public Angel No. 1.

* * *

And now, every time your birthday comes round, they describe how all you have for lunch is rice pudding or a glass of milk or something, how they make you a birthday-cake which you cannot eat, and how you sit in a garden watching your chauffeur's little girl at play. It is a pretty picture. . . .

Mind you, I do not think you have had much of a life, in spite of your wealth. I do not see what good it has done you. For many years you have had such a weak stomach that you have not been able to eat anything except the plainest food. You have played golf. But you did not want much money to be able to do that.

Otherwise, you have merely driven about in a motor car, gone to Florida in the winter, guarded by armed men.

For many years, your life has been preserved by doctors who have drawn enormous fees, while, whether you are afraid of being shot or kidnapped I do not know, armed men have followed you everywhere, surrounded your estate, whichever one you might be living on at the time, suspicious about every stranger, holding up every caller.

You may have bought your popularity, John D., but at least in the end, you now enjoy it. It may have cost you £100,000,000 in charity. It may have cost you a few scores of thousands for Ivy Lee. But at least now, at the age of ninety-six, when you look in your garden and see your chauffeur's child aged four playing with her doll, you smile. And the world smiles with you and says "What a nice old man."

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT,**
***London, S.W.***

YOUR GRACE,—The impression that only foreigners can write good music is, you say, gradually dying.

But that impression was only held by self-elected critics, the snobs who followed their lead and those who catered for them.

The general public has always appreciated Sullivan and such other British composers as it has been allowed to hear, and it is to the credit of the B.B.C. that the opportunities of doing so have become much more frequent nowadays.

JOHN BULL.

**Major-General G. J. BERNARD,**
***Director of Recruiting***

DEAR GENERAL,—"Frightful nonsense" is how you describe the pacifist attitude to Officers' Training Corps.

Far more frightful nonsense, to my mind, is the dressing up of little boys in khaki and letting them play with machine-guns and bayonets in order to train them to be good citizens.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. J. H. THOMAS: "When I cease to be 'Jimmy' I shall cease to be a useful Cabinet Minister," you assert. How many still call you "Jimmy"?—JOHN BULL.**

**Mr. W. COULTHARD,**
***Stanhope, Durham***

DEAR SIR,—Winners of a football competition, members of a team you captained are entitled to twelve medals and watches.

None did more to earn them than yourself. Yet, in order that a thirteenth man who had assisted the side should not be left out in the cold, you have waived your claim to both prizes in his favour.

The success of a club captained by such a fine sportsman is easily explained.

JOHN BULL.

**INCOME-TAX COMMISSIONERS,**
***London***

GENTLEMEN,—It is a serious allegation of Mr. Arnold Rowntree that thousands of income-tax payers, baffled by the official language of the forms, pay too much money and rob themselves.

Your collectors would not accept too little. Surely they should be just as quick in refusing over-payment!

JOHN BULL.

**THOMAS JAMES,**
***Lougharne, Carmarthen***

JAMES,—"I thought it was mad," you said of the puppy you hung up by a chain, so injuring it that it had to be destroyed.

Strange, but I had the same thought about you.

JOHN BULL.

**Sir B. EYRES-MONSELL,**
***First Lord of the Admiralty***

DEAR SIR BOLTON,—You admit that 142 natives from British Somaliland are on the Navy's payroll. But you say nothing about the hundreds of Chinese in the Fleet.

I am not going to quibble whether these men are technically British subjects or not. They should not be in jobs which can be filled by home seamen.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. H. C. HOLLOWAY CALTHROP,**
***Chairman, Hunstanton Bench***

DEAR SIR,—"If the car parks are full, what can a motorist do?" was the unanswerable riddle you asked the police when inflicting small fines in a number of "unattended car" cases.

I suggest that you now put the same query to the local powers-that-be, adding that inoffensive motorists are not at all likely to regard the interior of your court as one of Hunstanton's "attractions," and pay the town a second visit.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. J. H. S. ADDISON,**
***Walsall Rugby Football Club***

DEAR SIR,—Of course I agree with you that "sport and snobbery" are incompatible

But you must be aware that professional cricketers are not allowed to pass through the amateurs' gate in some county pavilions and that only oarsmen belonging to the professional classes are considered amateurs at Henley.

Or don't you regard cricket and rowing as sports?

JOHN BULL.

**Councillor ERNEST LEYSHON,**
***Llanelly***

DEAR SIR,—After turning down a bathing pool scheme because of the expense, the town council has now banned bathing in the dock.

So the only alternative for swimmers is to use the beach with its notoriously dangerous currents.

Perhaps if you and the hundreds who are defying the ban continue to bathe in the dock the council will relent. Or will a few lives have to be lost on the beach before it comes to its senses?

JOHN BULL.

**MAURICE GRAHAM,**
***Barton Hill, Bristol***

MY LAD,—A youth of nineteen without any driving experience, licence or insurance policy, you "borrowed" a car without the driver's permission. For which the magistrates have ordered you to pay ten shillings.

As they say, you "might have killed or maimed anyone," and you should regard yourself as extremely lucky to escape with so paltry a penalty.

Now try to cool that hot head of yours!

JOHN BULL.

**Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR: Agree that "nations will fight rather than starve." But remember the world is so full of foodstuffs that they are being left to rot.—JOHN BULL.**

**Brig.-General J. D. CROSBIE,**
***Fife Education Committee***

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—"If there were a fire at Tayport Higher Grade School it would be a ghastly tragedy," you declare, for there are no proper corridors or means of escape.

Now your committee is going to improve these disgraceful conditions—not before it is time.

And you must persuade your fellow-members to clean up the other blacklisted schools in your area without further delay.

JOHN BULL.

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## AGENCIES, CLUBS.

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HIGHEST COMMISSION. Xmas Club Agents. Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Cigarettes, Free Gifts. Huge Catalogue.—GOULD, Hartley Hill, LEEDS.

FREE to you NOW.—Rayon Silk Handkerchiefs and handsome Free Gift value 2/6, together with new Super Xmas Club Catalogue of 700 magnificent lines in Chocs., Fancy Goods, Cigs., etc. Biggest cash commissions. Finest value and service in the trade.—Write now to HOFFBRANDS, 12, BREARTON STREET, BRADFORD. Est. 1920.

WE PAY WELL for your Spare Time! Quality Fancy Goods, Chocs., Cigs. Maximum Cash Com., Gifts, Free Vouchers. Handsome 600-line Catlg. Write Sander's Xmas Club, 123b, Oak La., Bradford.

AMAZING Free Gift Offer all enquirers for Watson's Xmas Club. Highest poss. comm., super value goods, mag. range Free Gifts. Send now for 200-p. Art Catalogue. Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, etc.—WATSON'S (A), LTD., 137, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.

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AGENTS WANTED (Men and Women) to sell our Popular Packet Teas. Good profits assured. Write to-day for full and free particulars to SEALON TEA CO., 71 Milton St., London, E.C.2.

FIVE POUNDS CASH bonus and employment all the year round is offered by Herbert Guyan, of Barbican House, Beech Street, E.C.1. See advert. on page 3.

A
Bolsoms
Club means best service, biggest bargains and satisfied members. £2 cash commission and bonuses. Send for Catalogue, etc., FREE. Bolsoms Dept. J.B.4, Glasgow Terrace, London S.W.1.

## EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, London; or 263, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 95,000 successful pupils.

CIVIL SERVICE, G.P.O., Engineers, Customs and Excise, Inspector of Taxes; no experience required; open examination; vacancies regularly available; ages 17-24. — Full particulars, with personal advice free.—Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details, apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 501), 29, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

YOUNG Men Physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for entrance and promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars free or advice about other careers—Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113).

# REDUCE
## YOUR WAIST · HIPS AND BUST
# 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
## with my New wonder fabric

**OR IT WON'T COST YOU A PENNY!**

*"I have lost 9 lbs. in weight, 5 inches in the hips, 3 inches in the bust, and 3 inches in the waist in less than a month," writes Mrs. M. M. P., Liverpool.*
*"I have lost 6 lbs. in weight, also my bust and hips and waist are 4 inches less," writes Mrs. Snell, Saltash.*

**So many of my customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this new improved "Slymlastik" RAPIDE Reducing Air-cooled Corsetry that I want you to try it for 10 days at my expense.**

### THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

**The new "Slymlastik" RAPIDE Corsetry is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. The large perforations form minute suction cups which work constantly while you walk, work or sit . . . their massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.**

### NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES!

The "Slymlastik" Corset Belt is worn like any *ordinary* corset, giving natural balanced support to your figure, keeping your body cool and fresh with perfect liberty of action. *IT MAKES YOU LOOK THIN WHILE GETTING THIN.*

### DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER—ACT TODAY

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this efficient belt will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the **wonderful** results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded . . . including the postage!

★ **Styles for every FIGURE TYPE requirement, in Side or Front fastening and Step-in models.**

### SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

**To NURSE SINCLAIR (Dept. 50), 4, Vernon Place, London, W.C.1.**
(*Corner Southampton Row.*)

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the "Slymlastik" Corsets, Belts, and Brassiere and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. I enclose 1½d. stamp for postage. (Indicate with a cross on the diagram the figure fault which is yours.)

*Name*

*Address*

Pin 1½d. Stamp Here

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1935 (FREE). Contains information on pay, prospects and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO and MOTOR ENGINEERING are expanding rapidly. There are lots of vacancies. Our postal courses will make you eligible. Advice on all careers Free.—DEPT. 38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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PRINTING (lowest prices). Catlgs., schedules, Magazines, price lists, Dup. Books, business stationery, etc. Samples 2d.—Meads (60), Sandy.

## BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS FROM 2d. ROLL. NEW BARGAIN BOOK. POST FREE. (J.B.) BRUCE & HALL, SOUTH SHIELDS.

PORTABLE SHEDS AND GARAGES. — For Rockbottom Prices, excellent specifications and designs, Easiest Terms and a Full Guarantee with a FREE Road or Rail Delivery, Turn to Page 3 and read the offer made by "Thames Utility Buildings," of Erith.

BE UP-TO-DATE and use a Gas Water Heater, which does its work automatically on tap without waiting, dirt or work. The new Gas Water Heaters are finished in gleaming enamel and chromium. See them for yourself at your gas showroom. See p. 27.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS! You will not regret sending for my wonderful home-made baby clothes outfit. Every garment made from the best materials and correct designs. Advertised and supplied to *John Bull* readers for ten years. To-day's improved layette represents better value than ever. Complete layette at 30/- or Superior set at 42/-, including best flannels and 12/6 qual. shawl. Send 2/- for parcel on appro. MRS. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD PORTSMOUTH

## TENTS AND CAMPING EQUIPMENT.

TENTS (Waterproof). 9/- to 3 gns. Discount for Cash or Terms arranged. Send for Catalogue. —NUTTALL, 30, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

UNIFORM BRAND Tents and Campers' Requisites (Wholesale). 84-p. Catalogue 2d. HEYS (J.B.), 33, Henry Street, BLACKPOOL.

## MEDICAL, CURATIVE. JB

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for Colds, Flu, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. Safe and effective. In powders and Tablets.—Send p.c. to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Table Co., 34/38, Codnor, Derby.

CONSTIPATION successfully banished. Chemist's tested formula. 1/3 and 2/- post free. C. Bransom, 8a, North End Rd., Ldn., N.W.11.

GOOD NEWS for the Ruptured. No more understrape to cause you discomfort. Read about the Blunden appliance. It's described on an advertisement on page 3.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc.; send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Robert (J.B.17), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11. Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing bgns. and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

THE way to get lifelike pictures—the kind you will want to keep—happy, natural pictures to remind you of happy times spent together—is to be sure to use only KODAK film. It costs 1/- for 8 pictures. Kodak "Verichrome," the famous double-coated 8-picture film, costs 1/2 and makes fine, clear pictures, whether the day is dull or bright. See p. 12.

GET a Flagon of Bulmer's Cider. It's the ideal family drink, because it suits everyone. Made by the world's largest cider makers. Woodpecker (medium sweet) or Dry Cider, only 10½d. a flagon.

HERE'S a useful free booklet of particular value to those who picnic and camp. Write to Armour and Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Armour House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1, for a copy of Armour's "Hints for Picnic and Holiday Camping," crammed full of useful advice and information. This offer appears in advt. on p. 27.

ACCEPT this Free Gift!—A well-cut pattern of the trim linen overall illustrated in ROBIN STARCH advt. on p. 29 will be sent free to every reader in exchange for only one lid bearing the price from a 10d. packet of Robin Starch or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1d. or 1d. packets. Full instructions how to make this dainty linen overall accompanies each pattern, which is perfectly simple to use. Be sure to use the coupon on p. 29, enclosing Robin Starch lids and post in sealed stamped envelope to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

FREE: A generous sample of STAYMAN'S Powder, specially made for greasy skins. Send 1½d. stamp to Dept. F.5, Helmar, Ltd., 24, Great Portland St., London, W.1, stating shade, and free trial sample will be sent by return.

WRITE to Dept. 67/87, Euthymol, 50, New Street, London, W.1, for a week's supply of Euthymol Tooth Paste as offered in the advt. p. 25. Euthymol keeps teeth clean and free from decay germs.

IF you want an honest-to-goodness, cool-to-bite smoke, no tobacco at 8d. an oz. can beat AFRIKANDER, obtainable in Mixture, Flake and Shag in half-ounce packets at 4d.

DON'T overlook the PALMOLIVE offer on page 35.

FREE Sample of Wright's Coal Tar Soap and free Booklet! Prof. A. M. Low has written an interesting treatise, "The Truth About Soap." If you are interested in real value for your money and in safeguarding health and beauty, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Messrs. Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd., Dept. Y.7, 44/50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, and a Free Sample and copy of the Booklet will be sent you. See p. 35.

VALUABLE Booklet free. A mine of information on the important subject of teeth is contained in a special booklet, "Long Live the Teeth," which readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 7), London, E.1, can obtain free and post paid without obligation.

FREE.—Write to Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York, Dept. R.Z4, The Cocoa Works, York, for a free Cookery Booklet of gifts offered in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Table Jellies (Rowntree's Cocoa coupons also count). Be certain to send for your free copy right away. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears on p. 23.

A NOTE for Mothers! Do you know that the complete Mother Goose story "Sing a Song of Sixpence" (and many others) appears on each packet of Kellogg's Rice Krispies, the delicious and healthful cereal, costing only 7½d. a packet at all grocers? See p. 23.

£250 FOR ONLY THREE WORDS! — In magnificent first prize and 352 other prizes from £50 downwards are being given away in a NESTLET. You simply add 3 words to one of the examples appearing on p. 33, beginning your three words with the same initial letters as those in the example, though not necessarily in the same order. Simple, isn't it? Aptness, originality and wit will count in awarding the prizes. You can send in as many entries as you like, provided a complete wrapper from a block of Nestle's Milk Chocolate accompanies each entry. At least one entry must be sent in one of the coupons appearing in the competition announcement on p. 33. Further entries can be sent in on plain paper, which must bear your name and address. Closing date, July 31. Find out for this competition now—think what you could do with £250! Turn to page 33 NOW!

# Charlatan ON THE Radio

THE wireless broadcast programme—boon to millions of lonely people—is the latest medium seized upon by an enterprising individual in an endeavour to reach a greater number of prospective dupes.

Although he is obviously a charlatan, he has had the temerity to arrange concert programmes for the delight of those he hopes to draw into his web.

He is the mystic "Professor" El-Tanah, normally in business on the island of Jersey, Channel Islands, whose programmes broadcast from the Continent must have reached the ears of thousands of people in the British Isles in recent months.

The "Professor"—self-described as the "Famous Eastern Astrologer," is bent upon enlightening Great Britain.

He has certainly turned the wireless to good account so far as he himself is concerned, employing it as a means of advertising the factory-made horoscope business he conducts.

## High aims

He is also editor of a journal entitled *20th Century Astrology*, in which he seeks to convince the public that his knowledge of astrology is based upon the "grand old science" practised in Egypt centuries ago.

According to his own literature, it is his intention "to permeate faith in astrology into every British home."

With this end in view he claims to have been studying, calculating and planning "in my little villa in the south of France."

He also claims to have the most elaborate and comprehensive astrological charts ever conceived by man.

It is his aim to tell every man and woman in Great Britain how they can remodel their lives and achieve success, prosperity and happiness.

His literature is at the present time adorned with an illustration of a building called the "Observatory," which he pretends he has established in the Channel Islands. And he is fond of reproducing portraits of himself in which he is represented to be an Indian, complete with turban.

"Know what the future holds for you!" is one of this "dusky" professor's slogans. He tells his prospective clients that the wheel of fortune turns up new opportunities daily. The stars, he says, reveal them and tell you how to take advantage of them.

He exhorts everyone to consult the stars about business, love, courtship, marriage ties, travel, speculation, knowing friends from enemies, lucky and unlucky periods, and what he terms "other information of untold value."

The startling predictions of the stars, he declares, often lead to unexpected fortune and happiness.

Knowing how the planets move and merge their vibrations, the professor says he can tell by astrological calculations what particular combination of vibrations influences any particular person at any time in the past, present or future. Astral vibrations are said to affect every individual differently, as his or her vibrations differ according to the planetary influences under which they were born.

He explains that he has chosen Jersey as the centre of his operations for the sunshine, clarity of atmosphere for observational purposes, peace and quiet to enable him to work, because, for the next few years, he intends to be one of the hardest-working men in the world.

He boasts of a splendidly equipped observatory and a library that is at once "complete and compact."

"Just think," he declares, "what it's going to mean to Britain's prosperity when a large number of individuals have sure guidance of their future. Knowledge brings power—power brings prosperity."

## Behind the scenes

Actually, he is perpetrating a most astonishing fortune-telling hoax on the general public.

When he first set up in business in Jersey, the "Professor" managed to induce a number of advertising managers to accept announcements to the effect that he was willing to offer birthday predictions in return for fees ranging from 5s. to £2; but more recently his advertising has been refused by certain newspapers and journals in this country.

That may explain why he has now turned to Continental wireless programmes to obtain the publicity without which his business would be greatly restricted.

A peep behind the scenes at his supposed Observatory in Jersey will assuredly convince the most sceptical that he is nothing but a charlatan.

"Professor" El-Tanah, eminent mystic, who calls upon the planets to gain wealth for himself, has commercialised his fortune-telling racket to a surprising degree.

While he attracts clients with offers of a free reading he soon pesters them with letters exhorting them to avail themselves of a "Complete Life Reading."

These he sells for as much as he can induce misguided persons to pay. The fact that they are printed by a duplicator machine suggests that they are always in stock.

*The Professor, as he is depicted in his own literature*

## Spoof

We have before us a set of these "factory-made" "horoscopes," which are supposed to "unlock the gate of the future" for the recipients!

Of course, he has no "Observatory." That is all part of his stupendous spoof. But he has a big staff, most of them girls, handling the correspondence, multi-typing the predictions, extracting postal-orders and cheques, mailing off tidings of good news, death, fortune and disaster to those who place their faith in the stars—and El-Tanah.

Who, then, is the mystic Professor El-Tanah? Far from being an Indian, he is, in fact, of transatlantic origin.

He was not always a "Professor," nor has he practised astrology longer than necessary to make money out of it.

His turban removed, and the olive complexion washed out from the advertised drawing of himself, "El-Tanah" turns out to be an individual by the name of Mitchell, whose career in London came to an abrupt end a year or two back.

He then gained notoriety in questionable "club" circles, and was at one time concerned with a luxurious haunt in connection with which he was heavily fined.

His real name is William Francis Mitchell, and he arrived in this country from Paris before the war, earning a notorious reputation in his earlier stages in connection with a fortune-telling venture which came to an abrupt end when he was fined £100 under a war restriction order.

Thus, the "horoscope" racket into which he has more recently plunged is not his initial experience in the rôle of prophet.

Still more interesting is the fact that his commercial career in London came to a stop when bankruptcy proceedings were instituted against him.

## Star-gazing

His colourful adventures were then revealed to have cost his pressing creditors a sum to the tune of £30,000, a liability that remains outstanding to this day. He was also involved in a £64,000 company failure of a sensational character.

Such is the brief history of the individual known as "Professor" El-Tanah, announced over the wireless from the Continent to be "the eminent Eastern Astrologer," whose star-gazing ramp carried on from Jersey, Channel Islands, stands out as the most audacious attempt to gull the British public ever conceived.

Somehow, we do not imagine he is likely to get very far with his stupendous project of permeating faith in astrology into every home in the British Isles. And people must be credulous indeed if they allow themselves to be swayed by his flamboyant literature, the best place for which is the fire.

# SENTENCED!

ANOTHER rogue, whose activities were exposed some time ago in these columns, has at last met deserved punishment.

He is Henry William Pilgrim, otherwise "Lieut.-Commander Pilgrim, R.N."; founder, chairman and treasurer of the Old Contemptibles of Wales.

Under the name of Lionel Henry Templeman, Pilgrim was charged at the Gloucestershire Quarter Sessions with the fraudulent conversion of money received by him when acting as an agent for insurance companies. He was found guilty and sentenced to nine months' hard labour.

According to the police evidence, he was a cunning, plausible liar, who resided in a place only so long as he could obtain credit, chiefly by posing as a public man of some importance.

It will be within the recollection of readers how we unmasked Pilgrim, when he was living at Cardiff and passing as a retired officer of the Royal Navy. We showed that he had no right to call himself a lieutenant-commander, or to wear the naval decorations and medals which he claimed to have gained.

* * *

During his stay at Cardiff, Pilgrim imposed on many notable people. He collected money on behalf of the Old Contemptibles of Wales, and spent it on himself. One of his victims was the Belgian Consul in Cardiff, from whom Pilgrim obtained a loan of £200 to assist a pilgrimage of the Old Contemptibles to the battlefields of Flanders. That money went into Pilgrim's pocket.

After our disclosures Pilgrim took a hurried departure from South Wales. Then he appeared at Gloucester, where he became a Wing-Commander of the Royal Air Force, and also styled himself a bachelor of science. Subsequently he assumed the name of Templeman and set up in business as a shipping and insurance agent at Langley Close, Oxford.

Now at last he has been caught and convicted, and the public are free of him for the better part of a year.

This is Pilgrim's second imprisonment, for in 1925 he received a month's hard labour at Torquay in the name of Victor Stone for converting to his own use £35 which had been collected by public subscription for a presentation to the corporation musical director.

# CRUEL C.O.D. CATCH

WHAT many people will consider a ghoulish and mean form of trading is being practised by an individual named D. Rogers, of 30, Brady Street Mansions, London, who describes himself as an "Art Printing Specialist."

Recently a Liverpool woman whose husband had just died received a large-sized envelope with a mourning edge, marked "C.O.D." and on which there was 3s. 6d. to pay.

In her grief-stricken condition she unthinkingly paid the fee, and later found that the envelope contained six memorial cards of very paltry quality, and which she had not ordered.

On the cards in crude hand-writing was the name of her husband and the date of his death.

* * *

Enclosed was a letter which read:—

"Dear Madam,—

"Having read of your recent bereavement in which I sympathise with you, I am taking the liberty of enclosing memorial cards which I feel sure will meet with your approval. . . ."

Having had the impudence to send these cards which had not been ordered, Mr. D. Rogers has the audacity to suggest that he will supply frames for the cards at 2s. 6d. each.

We dislike this art printing specialist's methods of trading on grief and bereavement. His mode of working is to take the names and addresses from the "In Memoriam" notices in provincial newspapers and then promptly despatch by cash-on-delivery post his crude memorial cards.

In most cases the recipients are in such a state of mind that they pay the postman, and not until later realise that they have paid for memorial cards which they have not ordered and do not require.

Readers in many parts of the country, including Glasgow and Liverpool, have been victimised in this manner.

Our sympathies are with the bereaved people who have been deprived of money which they can ill afford to waste on such trumpery printing productions as Mr. D. Rogers is sending through the post.

We can only hope that our readers will be on their guard against the tricky "Art Printing Specialist," and refuse to accept delivery of his C.O.D. packages.

This is postal trading of the meanest and most contemptible character.

# Yes! Bulmer's ciders cost only 10½d a flagon

**Yes! Bulmer's**
10½d. flagon will fill 5 glasses to the brim

**Yes! Bulmer's**
Screw-stoppered flagons enable you to keep the Cider fresh & sparkling

**Yes! Cider**
is the ideal family drink because it suits everyone

**Yes! Bulmer's**
Woodpecker *(medium-sweet)* or Dry Cider 10½d a flagon

Bulmer's Woodpecker or Dry Ciders In Flagons, 10½d. (In England & Wales only, 1/- in Scotland)

# Yes! Bulmer's suits everyone

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CIDER MAKERS:— H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD.

reyds 535



## GIRL'S CLEVER RUSE WINS RICH HUSBAND

Miss Mabel D . . . of Sydenham, formerly a typist, is to-day the happy bride of a rich and handsome young man. Interviewed, she said: "Ask any man what it is about a woman that attracts him most. In 99 cases out of a hundred, the answer is the same—youthful beauty. Any woman can quickly get a new, fresh, clear skin and a marvellous complexion as I did, by the daily use of Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood." This contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil with wonderful new tonic and astringent ingredients. They sink down into the pores and remove deep-seated impurities that soap and water can never touch. This scientific cleansing quickly makes blackheads and blemishes disappear. Ugly enlarged pores soon contract. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood is *positively guaranteed* to give you a new, fresh, youthful complexion or money refunded.

## IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays . . . bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming . . . mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poi . . . ray all over our body. It makes us gloom . . . ckly. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the . . . Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice . . . What is the bile juice? It is the most . . . juice in our body. Unless two pints of . . . flowing from our liver into our bowels every . . . ments get hard and constipated, and the . . . our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels . . . sends poison all over our body every . . .

When our friends smell our bad br . . . don't) and we feel like a whipped tom . . . time and money on useless remedies . . . cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver . . . gently start the flow of your bile juice. . . . thing better" is offered you, don't buy it . . . a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens . . . and scalds the rectum in many peop . . . Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name . . . you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

## GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Moulded Coach-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, celluloid handle, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake, coil springs, mud-guards. Price, Carriage Paid 50/- or 5/- monthly. Catalogue of Prams, Folding Cars, Pens.

5/- NOW

G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

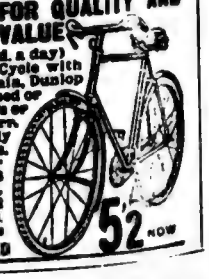
## HOW TO GET CHEAP HOT WATER

without waiting, dirt or work!

TURN NOW TO PAGE 27

## GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models



5/2 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

# EVERY Shopkeeper WARNED—

## by Sir Wyndham Childs

IF there is one section of the community more constantly preyed upon by commercial sharks than any other it is the small shopkeepers who are struggling to keep their heads above water.

And my postbag has long shown that certain debt-collecting agencies are operating with considerable financial gain to themselves and certain loss to many small tradesmen.

One of these concerns, Sutherlands, Ltd., which started in Edinburgh and subsequently increased its business to such an extent as to be able to establish an office in London, was the subject of endless complaints until its director was finally sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Every shopkeeper and small man in business is often confronted by the difficulty of collecting outstanding debts. For this reason he too often falls a victim of dubious debt-collecting agencies, employing hordes of canvassers who tour the country, full of promises and enthusiasm.

"Don't worry about the money owing to you by customers. We will collect all your outstanding debts and save you all further worry and trouble."

This is the easy argument put up by the spruce representative of such debt-collecting agencies, and the small shopkeeper is impressed by his glib-tongued visitor.

### Many victims

Recently I have received complaints from shopkeepers in many parts of the country, including London, Plymouth, Worcester, Ramsgate and Birmingham.

In each case there is evidence that they have been the victims of a system of barefaced swindling as worked by spurious debt-collecting agencies.

These concerns collect the debts all right, but they seldom, if ever, pay over the money thus obtained to the clients for whom they have acted. A typical instance which has come to my notice is that of a small firm in North-west London which placed some business in the hands of a debt-collecting agency operating in London and the provinces.

After eighteen months this firm could get no satisfaction from the debt-collectors concerned, although there was proof that sums had been paid in settlement of debt by several customers to representatives of the agency.

One debtor, for instance, had paid monthly sums for a period of ten months; but not a penny of this money had been paid to the firm for whom the agency was working.

Repeated requests for settlement were ignored, or the excuse was offered that the account in question was being handled by a director who was "away on holiday."

There are, in fact, a score of excuses offered to the disillusioned tradesmen by debt-collecting sharks who seldom, if ever, pay over the money received on behalf of clients.

Recently a firm of leather merchants placed several outstanding accounts in the hands of one such agency with unfortunate results. Months passed and the firm grew impatient as no money had apparently been collected on its behalf.

Then, quite by accident, it was discovered that one of the firm's debtors had paid several sums, including a cheque for £25, off his account to the agency, but no report of this had been sent to the firm concerned!

First attempts to drag the £25 and other sums from the agency failed, and it was not until solicitors had taken the matter in hand and threatened legal proceedings that the debt-collecting agency eventually paid over the money.

Another typical instance is that of a Cornish man who gave a firm three accounts to collect. He waited for two years and nothing happened! Then he learned that two of the accounts had been collected. Since then this victim has been writing letters demanding a settlement of his account.

This man, like many other victims of dubious debt-collecting, is loth to put the case in the hands of solicitors for fear of incurring further expense.

### One trick

Another trick of spurious debt-collectors is to send in an account, after months of delay, to show that the money collected had been absorbed in expenses. An illustration of this comes from a shopkeeper at Worcester, who had handed over an account for collection. In six months 19s. had been collected. The shopkeeper repeatedly asked for settlement, and at last the agency sent him in an account showing that the expenses and commission on collecting 19s. amounted to 19s. 2d.!

To make matters worse, he had been charged commission on money that had not been collected.

These are but samples from the mass of complaints concerning the debt-collecting racket which reach my office.

### Frighteners

There are many of these unsound agencies operating throughout the country, and hundreds of canvassers employed on a commission basis are at work badgering tradespeople to allow them to collect their outstanding accounts and relieve them of "all responsibility and worry."

The methods of such debt-collectors are invariably the same. They collect debts, but they seldom pay over the money they have collected. They appear to work on the principle that "what we collect we keep."

Another angle of this unfortunate business is the practice of sending out "Blue Frighteners" to debtors. These are blue documents got up to resemble a summons or legal document of some kind or another. The paper is of the tint used on official documents, and the first words are printed in Gothic type that is intended to suggest to the average person the imminent danger of prosecution.

One firm which specialised in sending out "Blue Frighteners" was appropriately named the British Blue Co., Ltd., of Bartholomew Close, London. Many of its fearsome documents have been brought to my notice.

Many pseudo-legal documents of this flagrant type have been sent to me by unsuspecting readers who were genuinely alarmed by them!

There are a dozen and one tricks which doubtful debt-collecting agencies play.

They victimise the tradespeople for whom they are supposed to be collecting accounts; they attempt to terrorise debtors by means of "Blue Frighteners," and in other ways.

And having collected money they fail to settle with their clients.

I warn shopkeepers and other tradespeople who are worried about overdue accounts to avoid such debt-collecting sharks.

Almost any solicitor will collect outstanding accounts for a small fee, and, unlike the mushroom agencies whose methods I have described, will pay over the money collected on their clients' behalf.

### A menace

There are, I am well aware, many reputable agencies that will undertake debt-collecting, but they will welcome full enquiry by prospective clients and will be the first to join me in condemning the methods I have outlined in this article.

I can understand a tradesman worrying about outstanding accounts, but if he falls into the hands of a dubious debt-collecting agency through failing to make initial enquiries he will only add to his worries.

This form of exploitation is a positive menace to the trading community, and I hope that my warning will at least have some effect in putting inexperienced tradesmen on their guard.

*Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.*

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*Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

## STARRING

AN amusing story was told at an educational conference the other day. A small girl was asked what she would like to be when she grew up. She replied: "I intend to be a famous film star; but if I cannot get my sex-appeal across I shall be a school teacher."

As school teachers formed the majority of the conference for whose benefit this naive ambition was retailed, their laughter was loud and hearty, though the story was not very complimentary to their profession—to the female portion of it, at any rate.

The little missy was more honest in stating what she wanted than most people are or than she herself may be ten years hence. But what was the motive behind the aspiration? Simply the desire to shine, to be important, to be admired, to possess power over others. If she could not gratify it in one way, she was prepared to do so in another, though less magnificent, way.

It is curious how this trait of human nature comes out in history. The moment I heard of the little girl's determination to have the spotlight turned on her my mind reverted to what history records of Dionysius the Younger, Tyrant of Syracuse in the fourth century B.C. This gentleman was Dictator in part of the territory in which Mussolini is Dictator to-day.

But he was not as competent as Mussolini, and after a few years his dictatorship was wrenched from him and he was packed off to Corinth, whence his family had originally come, and forbidden to return. The treatment was merciful, considering what a nuisance Dionysius had made of himself in his public career, and he seems to have submitted to it philosophically.

* * *

What did he do? He opened a school. He must boss somebody, he said, and if he could not be supreme in the State he could at least rule youngsters.

These are not his recorded words; I do not know that he ever expressed himself in these explicit terms, but his contemporaries understood quite well what he was up to and why. I am sure they chuckled over it, just as we do about the little girl's open acknowledgment of her intentions regarding the future.

How about ourselves? One of the most irrational things that people ever do is to try to attract flattery and adulation in either a big or a small way; and yet how many do it!

Newspaper editors tell me that they get a lot of fun out of the schemes and tricks that persons of both sexes will resort to in order to get their names or photographs in the Press; and yet who cares about those names and photographs?

One of the silliest things in the world is vanity, for it is always ridiculed, and the person who exhibits it is cheapened thereby; but is anything commoner?

People are as vain as peacocks who have really nothing to be vain about and whom no one regards as of any importance. They will labour just as hard to occupy the centre of the stage in a petty way as others might to rule an empire.

"One star differeth from another star in glory," the Bible says. The best way of being a star is just to be yourself and to make yourself as fine a gift as you can to the common life. You need not strain to outshine anyone. A heart free from self-seeking is a heart at rest.

# *Her own fiancé* sang another girl's praises until . . .

YOU DIDN'T SEEM ABLE TO TAKE YOUR EYES OFF JEAN ALL THE EVENING
WELL YOU MUST ADMIT SHE LOOKED LOVELY... SUCH A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
WHEN WE FIRST MET ON THE FARM, HE S-S-SAID MY COMPLEXION WAS BEAUTIFUL
DON'T WORRY — TIRED SKIN'S YOUR TROUBLE, THAT'S ALL
DO AS I'VE ALWAYS DONE — USE KNIGHTS CASTILE. IT'S SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE
THREE WEEKS LATER
S-SH JIM, NOT HERE — SOMEONE WILL SEE YOU
YOU'RE GETTING PRETTIER EVERY DAY!

If you live in dirty, sooty-atmosphered towns and work in stuffy offices, how can you expect your complexion to look its best? It needs the gentle stimulant of pure country air. That's why it's so important to use Knight's Castile. Specially made for the face, its generous, creamy lather revives and refreshes the skin just as country breezes do. A tablet costs only fourpence and is a complete beauty treatment in itself. You owe it to yourself to give it a trial.

# Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

KC 166-364

# Public Enemy No. 1

## (STOMACH TROUBLE)

That sudden "knife stab" between the shoulder blades, that pain in the stomach sharp as a shot, that clutching hand round the heart—these things in five cases out of six come from a "bad stomach." Acid is there, burning and biting as you know acid does. Under these conditions food cannot be digested, and produces wind or gas. Now just near the stomach lies the largest nerve-junction in the body, and the "gas" distending the stomach presses on these nerves. In fact, a "bad stomach" gives you more than a stomach-ache—**it produces pains all over the body.** It sounds an exaggeration, but it is medically true that you can have, so to speak, a stomach-ache in the head or in the shoulders. And all these things may lead to graver troubles.

**Smashing up the pain-gangsters with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder**

Thousands of people suffering from Stomach Trouble—Public Enemy No. 1—have been cured by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the finest remedy invented by Medical Science and made specially to do one thing effectively—**to cure stomach ills.**

Take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and note the difference. **Where is that knife thrust in the back? Gone! What has become of that dragging pain round the heart? Gone! Where is the dread of operation? Gone!** And why? Because your food goes into a clean stomach. Instead of poisoning you your food nourishes you. **Pain disappears.** You have a glorious feeling of good health and contentment. You eat well by day and sleep well by night.

Not only does Maclean Brand act with certainty — **it also works quickly.** You can soon prove this for yourself.

**Attacks nearly everyone sooner or later**

People in all walks of life suffer from stomach trouble in one form or another. Discomfort may be the first symptom, with flatulence or wind—then come biliousness and dizziness; and if attention is not at once given to these natural protests, agony and misery will follow. **Be warned:** read the letters below.

**4 Years with Ulcerated Stomach**

For nearly 4 years I suffered from ulcerated stomach. Sometimes I could have screamed with pain, and each year I have had to leave my work as I could not carry on. Not long ago I got a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and since taking it feel different altogether.
—(Mr. W. H., Exeter.)

**Acute Gastritis— only custards, etc.**

I suffered from acute Gastritis and had the most violent pains after eating anything heavy, so could only eat custards, etc., for quite a long time. After trying Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I have been totally different and would not be without it for anything. —(Miss F. C., Kenton.)

**Relief after 10 Years' Stomach Trouble**

Through the wonderful power of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I have been getting relief after 10 years of stomach trouble. I have tried all other remedies and none did me any good. If I travelled the world I would recommend "Alex. C. Maclean" Powder for all stomach troubles.
—(Mr. W. F., Ipswich.)

**Ulcerated Stomach Cured at 71!**

I have suffered for years, and have been doubled up with pain at work, and attended many hospitals for ulcerated stomach. Then I started to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I am 71, and now in the best of health through your Powder.
—(Mrs. A. E. O., W. Kensington.)

**Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day.**

## A specialised remedy

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is a specialised treatment for **stomach troubles.** It is a scientific and standardised remedy, combining the properties of different individual formulæ, for the relief and cure of stomach complaints. Its success has been sensational. Enjoying the largest sale of any remedy for stomach troubles, it reaches you as fresh and pure as when it left the laboratories where it was made.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons, both bearing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN," which is your guarantee. All good chemists sell the Genuine Maclean Brand at 1/3, 2/- or 5/-. Powder or Tablets.

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

# MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

The "Signature" Brand

# Beat-the-Bookie BUNKUM

## —A Fantastic Racing Scheme

THAT unsuspected pitfalls may sometimes lurk behind seemingly innocent announcements is vividly illustrated by the recent experience of a reader who answered what he assumed to be an ordinary partnership advertisement.

The announcement in question appeared in a London newspaper of the highest repute and was couched in such terms as to give no indication whatever of the real snare behind it.

Nor, indeed, did initial enquiry reveal the cloven hoof, for the individual behind the scenes seems to have taken extreme pains to cloak his activities with an external air of respectability.

Who, for example, could possibly suspect what lay behind the following simple advertisement?

> Partner (£500-£1,000) for established business. Draw £10 weekly and share profits. Highest references. Write, Box ——.

*Through the innocent small advertisement Dadson's fantastic racing scheme suddenly emerges*

Those who have replied to this advertisement have received a queer letter from Haden Dadson, of Carlton House, Regent Street, London.

Queer, because neither the letter-heading nor the contents give any indication of the business for which the investment is required. The stationery, however, is of excellent quality and tasteful enough to suggest stability.

### *Big profits*

Dadson contents himself at the outset by saying that "the business in question is not of the ordinary kind but actually yields an average return on capital of 50 per cent. per annum."

Thus, with El Dorado in sight, he adds: "I ask you to call, because, in view of the high return, it is unsatisfactory to make statements without the necessary proofs to be obtained from my books, accounts, balance-sheets, etc. I also wish you to probe fully into every detail."

Obviously, a clever letter, intended to convince the enquirer that the business was of a general kind.

An enquirer who decided to interview Haden Dadson found that this philanthropist occupied two small offices on the sixth floor.

There was certainly an air of bustling efficiency about the premises. A typist worked furiously, while Dadson himself, quietly dressed in blue, with kindly eyes smiling behind pince-nez, appeared extremely busy.

After a preliminary apology for not going into the details of his offer before, Dadson leaned back in his chair and revealed for the first time that, although his business had to do with racehorses, it was *not* a gambling proposition.

A partner coming into the business, and he claimed to have several who were well satisfied, did nothing at all in the nature of work. Dadson obligingly did all that for them.

They need only put up £500 or £1,000 and Dadson and certain racehorses would do the rest. The investor could just sit back and take things easy, while Dadson proceeded with his campaign of bringing bookmakers to their knees!

The main idea was to back each way three horses in races where there are not more than eight or nine runners. A simple idea, but so very profitable for the investor, according to Dadson.

This man, who had found a simple scheme for making betting a sure source of income, became eager with enthusiasm as he outlined his scheme.

Dadson produced typewritten statements to show the money he had made for those chosen few whom he had taken under his wing. And, to make it all the more convincing, he candidly admitted that occasionally the system did have a losing month or so, but that was, of course, quickly counter-balanced by bigger profits when the tide turned.

A convincing talker, Dadson enlarged upon his successes while a tape machine in the corner of the room ticked away a merry accompaniment to his clever rhetoric.

"By backing first, second and third favourites in races of eight or nine runners, using a £10 each-way stake, the average annual profit for nearly 50 years has been £1,000 a year—and £250 capital was sufficient."

Words and figures seemed convincing, and Dadson's magnetic personality would enable him to convince nine out of every ten callers.

### *An old hand*

He is certainly no novice at this sort of thing, and for this reason we warn our readers to be cautious. We know that he has been exploiting this system idea of his for some time past. Three years ago, in fact, he had an office at Leicester House, Leicester Square, and was then advertising for "Ex-Public School men," who were required to invest £200 to £250 with a guaranteed profit of 200 per cent. a year!

He was then working much the same idea—with other people's money, of course.

We hope there are not many unfortunate people in the country who foolishly entrusted their savings to Dadson for investment on horses which figured in his system.

Those who entrust money to Haden Dadson are practically certain to find that his wonderful system has unfortunate periods, when, to use his own words, "it sags badly."

We urge our readers to give this plausible system-monger a very wide berth, for it is so obvious that, if the system had any merit, Dadson should by this time have made a fortune and retired to enjoy his winnings in quiet peacefulness.

The fact that he is now up to his old game of seeking for innocent people to enter into partnership schemes, with promises of riches untold, tells its own story.

## HOLIDAY BUNGALOW RAMP

THERE are always enterprising individuals who are alive to the value of introducing a seasonable note to their swindles. The latest example of this is afforded by a trickster who is reaping a rich harvest at the expense of would-be holiday-makers.

A furnished bungalow at the seaside at a reasonable weekly rental is the bait which is being used by him to draw money from his various dupes.

Readers of Blackpool, Birmingham and other provincial newspapers have been attracted by the following style of advertisement:

"Blackpool, brick-built, furnished bungalow to be let. Rent 35s. a week, excellent position."

Sometimes a bungalow at Mablethorpe or Redcar is advertised by the same individual, and those who reply receive a letter from A. W. and E. E. Haunt, The Hardware House, 78, Great Lister Street, Birmingham.

* * *

The letters are signed by A. W. Haunt, who becomes lyrical in his praises of the vacant bungalow. He mentions casually that as several people are anxious to rent it, it is necessary to send a cash deposit in advance as a sign of good faith.

A woman reader of Liverpool who sent a remittance on this understanding received the address of the Blackpool bungalow, and at the first opportunity went to this breezy resort to view what she thought would be her holiday home.

Imagine her surprise and disappointment when she discovered that the address of the bungalow did not exist!

Thinking that the address had been given in error, she wrote to A. W. Haunt for an explanation and the return of her deposit, which in her case was £2. She has received neither.

A Birmingham reader also sent a £2 deposit on a seaside bungalow as far back as May last. He, too, has been disappointed, and is still waiting for the return of his money.

In many cases Haunt, of Birmingham, having received advance payments, writes to inform his clients that the bungalow has already been let and that the deposit will be returned at an early date.

He does not explain why he does not return it with the letter containing the news that he cannot complete the original transaction.

Weeks pass and the deposit remains with Mr. Haunt, and further letters demanding its return remain unanswered.

A recent letter addressed to him at 73, Great Lister Street, was returned to the sender bearing the astonishing inscription, "Cannot be delivered. No person in authority to receive."

Further investigation shows that the address used by A. W. Haunt at Great Lister Street is a shop which was previously occupied by a butcher.

When Haunt negotiated for the premises he pretended that he was setting up in the hardware trade. But he appeared to conduct no real business there.

He called for letters every morning and then disappeared. His name was on a card pinned on the door, and then a further notice in handwriting was pinned up to the effect that "All bungalows are now gone."

* * *

So, too, apparently are the deposits of those who hoped to rent desirable bungalows from A. W. Haunt at Blackpool, Mablethorpe or elsewhere.

For Haunt has not been seen near his office for some weeks and has left his rent unpaid.

Mr. A. W. Haunt is a mean trickster who has shattered the holiday hopes of people in all parts of the country, and others should be on their guard in case he attempts to repeat his fee-snatching operations from some other address.

## *"Scandalous Club for Motorists"*

In our issue of December 22 last we published an article under the above heading dealing with the International Automobile Club, Ltd.

In that article references were made to Mr. H. La T. Templeton and his connection with the company which could have been construed as suggesting that Mr. Templeton was acting in a dishonourable manner and taking an active part in the management of the concern for the purpose of deceiving the public.

Mr. Templeton informs us, and we accept his statement, that he acted throughout in a perfectly innocent and straightforward manner in the capacity of an employee only, and that when it came to his knowledge that the conduct of the so-called club and company was such as was complained of in our article he immediately, and of his own accord, severed his connection therewith.

We desire to express our regret to Mr. Templeton for the inconvenience which the article may have caused him.

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After a preliminary apology for not going into the details of his offer before, Dadson leaned back in his chair and revealed for the first time that, although his business had to do with racehorses, it was *not* a gambling proposition.

A partner coming into the business, and he claimed to have several who were well satisfied, did nothing at all in the nature of work. Dadson obligingly did all that for them.

They need only put up £500 or £1,000 and Dadson and certain racehorses would do the rest. The investor could just sit back and take things easy, while Dadson proceeded with his campaign of bringing bookmakers to their knees!

The main idea was to back each way three horses in races where there are not more than eight or nine runners. A simple idea, but so very profitable for the investor, according to Dadson.

This man, who had found a simple scheme for making betting a sure source of income, became eager with enthusiasm as he outlined his scheme.

Dadson produced typewritten statements to show the money he had made for those chosen few whom he had taken under his wing. And, to make it all the more convincing, he candidly admitted that occasionally the system did have a losing month or so, but that was, of course, quickly counter-balanced by bigger profits when the tide turned.

A convincing talker, Dadson enlarged upon his successes while a tape machine in the corner of the room ticked away a merry accompaniment to his clever rhetoric.

"By backing first, second and third favourites in races of eight or nine runners, using a £10 each-way stake, the average annual profit for nearly 50 years has been £1,000 a year—and £250 capital was sufficient."

Words and figures seemed convincing, and Dadson's magnetic personality would enable him to convince nine out of every ten callers.

### *An old hand*

He is certainly no novice at this sort of thing, and for this reason we warn our readers to be cautious. We know that he has been exploiting this system idea of his for some time past. Three years ago, in fact, he had an office at Leicester House, Leicester Square, and was then advertising for "Ex-Public School men," who were required to invest £200 to £250 with a guaranteed profit of 200 per cent. a year!

He was then working much the same idea—with other people's money, of course.

We hope there are not many unfortunate people in the country who foolishly entrusted their savings to Dadson for investment on horses which figured in his system.

Those who entrust money to Haden Dadson are practically certain to find that his wonderful system has unfortunate periods, when, to use his own words, "it sags badly."

We urge our readers to give this plausible system-monger a very wide berth, for it is so obvious that, if the system had any merit, Dadson should by this time have made a fortune and retired to enjoy his winnings in quiet peacefulness.

The fact that he is now up to his old game of seeking for innocent people to enter into partnership schemes, with promises of riches untold, tells its own story.

## HOLIDAY BUNGALOW RAMP

THERE are always enterprising individuals who are alive to the value of introducing a seasonable note to their swindles. The latest example of this is afforded by a trickster who is reaping a rich harvest at the expense of would-be holiday-makers.

A furnished bungalow at the seaside at a reasonable weekly rental is the bait which is being used by him to draw money from his various dupes.

Readers of Blackpool, Birmingham and other provincial newspapers have been attracted by the following style of advertisement:

"Blackpool, brick-built, furnished bungalow to be let. Rent 35s. a week, excellent position."

Sometimes a bungalow at Mablethorpe or Redcar is advertised by the same individual, and those who reply receive a letter from A. W. and E. E. Haunt, The Hardware House, 78, Great Lister Street, Birmingham.

* * *

The letters are signed by A. W. Haunt, who becomes lyrical in his praises of the vacant bungalow. He mentions casually that as several people are anxious to rent it, it is necessary to send a cash deposit in advance as a sign of good faith.

A woman reader of Liverpool who sent a remittance on this understanding received the address of the Blackpool bungalow, and at the first opportunity went to this breezy resort to view what she thought would be her holiday home.

Imagine her surprise and disappointment when she discovered that the address of the bungalow did not exist!

Thinking that the address had been given in error, she wrote to A. W. Haunt for an explanation and the return of her deposit, which in her case was £2. She has received neither.

A Birmingham reader also sent a £2 deposit on a seaside bungalow as far back as May last. He, too, has been disappointed, and is still waiting for the return of his money.

In many cases Haunt, of Birmingham, having received advance payments, writes to inform his clients that the bungalow has already been let and that the deposit will be returned at an early date.

He does not explain why he does not return it with the letter containing the news that he cannot complete the original transaction.

Weeks pass and the deposit remains with Mr. Haunt, and further letters demanding its return remain unanswered.

A recent letter addressed to him at 78, Great Lister Street, was returned to the sender bearing the astonishing inscription, "Cannot be delivered. No person in authority to receive."

Further investigation shows that the address used by A. W. Haunt at Great Lister Street is a shop which was previously occupied by a butcher.

When Haunt negotiated for the premises he pretended that he was setting up in the hardware trade. But he appeared to conduct no real business there.

He called for letters every morning and then disappeared. His name was on a card pinned on the door, and then a further notice in handwriting was pinned up to the effect that "All bungalows are now gone."

* * *

So, too, apparently are the deposits of those who hoped to rent desirable bungalows from A. W. Haunt at Blackpool, Mablethorpe or elsewhere.

For Haunt has not been seen near his office for some weeks and has left his rent unpaid.

Mr. A. W. Haunt is a mean trickster who has shattered the holiday hopes of people in all parts of the country, and others should be on their guard in case he attempts to repeat his fee-snatching operations from some other address.

## *"Scandalous Club for Motorists"*

In our issue of December 22 last we published an article under the above heading dealing with the International Automobile Club, Ltd.

In that article references were made to Mr. H. La T. Templeton and his connection with the company which could have been construed as suggesting that Mr. Templeton was acting in a dishonourable manner and taking an active part in the management of the concern for the purpose of deceiving the public.

Mr. Templeton informs us, and we accept his statement, that he acted throughout in a perfectly innocent and straightforward manner in the capacity of an employee only, and that when it came to his knowledge that the conduct of the so-called club and company was such as was complained of in our article he immediately, and of his own accord, severed his connection therewith.

We desire to express our regret to Mr. Templeton for the inconvenience which the article may have caused him.

# WHY *the* NURSE BLUNDERS

ONE of the gravest problems which face the hospitals to-day, and one which directly affects the welfare of the patient, is the alarming and continued shortage of nurses.

It is a topic which has lately become very familiar to the general public, who has been hearing a lot about the pay, hours of work and living conditions of the hospital nurse.

There has been much bitter controversy on the point, many authorities maintaining that "the long hours, wretched pay and utter lack of personal freedom which is the nurse's lot," is responsible for the dearth of recruits to the profession.

Others deny that any real shortage exists, and insist that the picture drawn by the other side is a gross exaggeration.

## *Admission*

The truth, as usual, lies somewhere in between.

The scarcity of probationer and trained nurses has been officially admitted by the appointment some time ago of the *Lancet* Commission which, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, sat "to enquire into the reasons of the shortage of candidates . . . for nursing the sick in general and special hospitals . . . and to offer suggestions for making the service more attractive to suitable women."

It discovered that more than half the hospitals of the country were finding it impossible to get sufficient candidates as staff nurses and probationers.

The position to-day, three years after the Commission reported, is the same. It is equally true to say that its recommendations for the improvement of nursing conditions have been totally ignored by those hospitals to which they should apply.

The admitted shortage is entirely a one-sided matter.

## *Matrimony*

The great voluntary hospitals of London, the so-called "teaching hospitals," have for the most part a *surplus* of candidates. In some there is a waiting list of a thousand and more every year, from which the matron can make a selection of about fifty. One reason for this is that there is a general impression among nurses that those trained at these hospitals have the pick of the posts in the profession.

Another, and a pleasantly human reason, even if it is less openly acknowledged, is that there is more "life" in these big hospitals. As one famous nurse put it—with admirable frankness—to JOHN BULL: "The teaching hospitals have large numbers of students. A probationer is a young woman who, though she is devoted to her calling, has not necessarily dedicated herself to a life of celibacy. It is my belief that these hospitals can show as good a matrimonial record as any offices or factories of equal size where young men and women work together."

Whatever the reasons, the fact remains that at the majority of the smaller hospitals in some of those crowded areas like the East End of London and big industrial cities, in isolation hospitals, tuberculosis and many municipal and rural institutions, there is a grave shortage of candidates.

The sole attraction at these places is the vocation itself. There is no other compensation for the conditions which are imposed; and, as we shall see, those conditions are simply not good enough.

But before we leave this question of the shortage of nurses and proceed to discuss the many reasons for it, and their effects on patients, it is essential to make one important, if obvious, point.

The large voluntary hospitals and municipal hospitals which have a surplus of nursing candidates no longer cater exclusively for the very poor. The others, who cannot get enough nurses, still do so.

In these latter institutions the proportion of staff often works out at one nurse to eight or more patients, and proper attention is impossible. In the others the proportion is sometimes as low as one nurse to two beds.

So the chief sufferers who, incidentally, represent almost half the available beds in the country, are the very poor—the people for whom the hospitals service was expressly designed.

As far as the patient is concerned, the consequences are many, and are often far graver than merely being kept waiting for a much-wanted drink, for food, for medicine or a bed-pan.

## *Too much*

At a London inquest recently on a child who had been asphyxiated through its head becoming fastened in the bars of a hospital cot, it was stated in evidence that there were 28 beds in the ward with only one nurse to look after the lot!

The Medical Officer pointed out that the nurse might be wanted in two or three places at once, and "a time came when there was too much work for one nurse."

He adds: "The hospital has a full complement of nurses as laid down by the Nursing Council. *But some of us are inclined to think that the Council laid down these rules and regulations before the change to modern conditions.*"

The Nursing Council is a body which advises on the staffing of institutions. Its "advice" has the effect of an order.

Such tragedies, caused primarily by lack of adequate nursing staff, are fairly common occurrences at hospitals throughout the country. But they are known effects because they have achieved the publicity of an inquest. There must be many similar which are put down to "natural causes."

## *Child tragedy*

As an illustration of what can happen, here is the experience of one nurse, as told to JOHN BULL.

"Not long ago I was on duty alone as night nurse in a thirty-bed children's ward of a London hospital. There was an epidemic on of 'D' and 'V' (diarrhœa and vomiting), common enough among children during the summer time. All the babies in the ward had it, and some were very ill.

"My job was to go endlessly round that ward from bed to bed during the night giving salines and other treatment. By the time I got to the last one some of the earlier children were past the time for treatment.

"I snatched what food I could in a few minutes between patient and patient. I wrote my reports standing up in those few intervals.

"One night, after an exhausting round of the children (sometimes five minutes or more at each bed), I got back to the first child again and found that it had died!

"I have never forgotten that night and that little child. I *know* that if I had had assistance it would have lived."

The problem of the shortage of nurses is two-fold. There is, first, the difficulty of getting sufficient "suitable" candidates because of the unattractiveness of the conditions offered by many hospitals, and second, there is the inadequate staffing estimates made by certain hospital committees, which are dictated by economic considerations or rules made generations ago.

In most hospitals the staff is not sufficient for *normal* periods. No allowance is made for epidemics or sickness among the nurses.

In some large hospitals as many as thirty nurses are off duty through sickness and similar causes. The others, already pressed to the utmost, must shoulder their work also.

When any of the constant sudden emergencies which arise in hospitals strains the arrangement to breaking point, the hospital which has been economising on staff must call in outside nurses from the "Co-ops." and similar guilds, paying each one a rate for which the hospital could have got at least six probationers. Which seems, to say the least of it, a queer form of economy.

*With such exacting working conditions—long hours, too strenuous duties—the harassed nurse is unable to give proper care to her patient. There are some dreadful results . . .*

## *Long hours*

Shortage of staff is, of course, directly reflected in long hours of work. There are hospitals where the nurses work as many as eighty hours a week.

In half the hospitals of the country the working span of day duty lasts thirteen hours. It includes usually two hours off duty which, in the case of probationers, is taken up with lectures four times a week. Night duty is usually a twelve-hour stretch over a spell of three months.

Here is an average day for a hospital nurse in the majority of institutions:

Rise 6 a.m. Breakfast 6.30, then

# What's Wrong with the Hospitals—4

back to tidy and air her bedroom. Ward duty 7 a.m. until 9 a.m. on routine work—getting patients' breakfasts, sweeping and dusting the ward and generally preparing for the round of the surgeon.

At 9 or 9.30 she has lunch (half an hour), during which she must also go back to her room to make her bed and leave her room ready for inspection, wash, change her apron and be back on duty in the ward again.

Routine then till 2 p.m., when she has two hours off (which may be taken up in lectures). At 4 p.m. she is on duty again till 8. The remaining two hours till bedtime at 10 p.m. are her own, but it is not uncommon in some hospitals for a nurse to be called on again for duty in the operating theatre.

A nurse with other special training like midwifery is on call day or night in addition to her routine duties. She may be up for as many as three nights running.

To add to these long hours, there are in many hospitals Grundyish and irksome restrictions based on the ideas of fifty years ago which effectually prevent these nurses from making adequate use of their scanty leisure.

## Patients suffer

In half the hospitals of England, according to the *Lancet* Commission report, a nurse does not know when she will get her two hours off duty until the morning of the same day. 80 per cent. require probationers to be in by 10 p.m. Very few issue a latchkey, even to senior nurses.

How do these hours of work and restrictions on leisure affect the patient?

First of all, he lacks, through shortage of staff, the attention he should get. The modern girl, unless she has an absolute "call" for nursing, will simply not accept the conditions of life and work which are imposed at so many hospitals. There are too many other careers open to her with less hardships and more money, leisure and prospects.

Second, how can an invalid get proper attention from a tired, overworked nurse, often full of very human resentments at the prospect of scanty leisure being taken suddenly away from her?

## Dreadful mistake

Those hospital "mistakes" which the public often reads about—the overdose given of some deadly drug, the poison given in error for a prescribed medicine—are caused nine times out of ten by a tired, harassed nurse.

There was a tragic case not long ago of a nurse who put a corrosive acid, instead of eye drops, into a baby's eyes and blinded it for life! How far was that terrible error due to overwork and sheer physical weariness?

The question of nurses' working conditions, their accommodation and their pay, is now indissolubly bound up with the well-being and treatment of the patients themselves.

It is a question which should be at the very forefront of the enquiry which was decided upon at the Hospital Association's Conference a few weeks ago.

There must be a speedy and wholesale improvement in conditions for nurses all over the country. Hospital authorities must face the fact that for better or worse the vocation idea is disappearing from nursing.

## Basement beds

People who embark on vocations and "calls" are expected to put up with a lot. Because of it nurses have been, in the words of Miss Howie at the recent stone-laying ceremony of the Westminster Hospital Nurses' Home "the most badly treated in the way of accommodation of all professions"; in the words of a famous surgeon, "the most exploited of all educated women."

All that must be changed, not merely for the sake of the nurses, but for the sake of the patients by whom and for whom all hospitals exist.

There are big hospitals where the nurses sleep in basements to-day as they did half a century ago.

At one hospital, in the country, the nurses have been living in an old army hut for fifteen years. It is so damp that they have often been compelled to spend off-duty time in cleaning mildew from their clothes and shoes. Only a few of the rooms possessed fireplaces.

There are plenty of hospital committees who are still obsessed with what we might call the "Florence Nightingale" tradition. With a peculiar, distorted logic they seem to argue that, because all nurses are budding Florence Nightingales, and because that lady endured great hardships in the Crimea, they have only to reproduce those conditions as nearly as possible to keep nurses really happy. It is a comfortable thought, and puts no strain on hospital finances.

Those days are gone. The "cool hand on the fevered brow" idea no longer attracts self-immolating young women into nursing.

To-day the nurse is an efficient young woman who has gone in for hospital nursing because it is a job. And it must be made attractive enough for her to remain in it, and for plenty more like her to take up the same career.

As it is, the best type of nurse—best because she is ambitious and proficient—does not see a career in hospital nursing.

Her goal, from the instant she becomes qualified and attains a staff nurse post, is to get a job outside hospital work altogether. Many of the hospital authorities who gave evidence before the *Lancet* Commission agreed that the pay of a staff nurse was poor compared with that she received as an untrained probationer; that even in the big hospitals promotion to a sister's post was slow, and in the smaller institutions like the cottage hospitals it was worse.

So, almost as soon as the hospitals have trained them, and they are in a position to be of maximum benefit to the service and to the patients, the hospitals lose them in large numbers for the simple reason that conditions are not attractive enough for them to stay.

## Example

The best go into private nursing, to the special branches of nursing, to the various sections of the public health services, to the nurses' co-operations and nursing homes, in all of which they can expect better pay, better living conditions and more individual freedom. Thus the hospital patient loses again.

For the most part the hospitals are still living in the last century as far as their attitude to nurses is concerned—in those days when hospital nursing was about the only career possible to an educated woman, the golden days when there was an ample supply, glad to be accepted and to remain under any conditions. They will not realise that times have changed.

A few—very few—of the big voluntary hospitals have recently given a lead in treating their nurses as educated, modern women carrying out responsible work, and so to be worked reasonably, given civilised amenities and trusted with some degree of personal freedom.

One great hospital has erected a nurses' home where each has her own bedroom with hot and cold water, reading lamp, pretty furniture—in short, a flatlet with all the little comforts that any typist or shopgirl can enjoy. There are badminton and tennis courts, and a ballroom where mixed dances can be held. She can entertain a man friend to tea.

The same hospital has cut down hours of duty to just over fifty per week, and hopes to reduce them still further. There is ample off-duty time, with freedom for the nurse to do as she pleases with it. All lectures for probationers are being arranged in duty times. If one institution can do this, so can all.

## Pointed words

When this hospital's new scheme came into being, one of its chief subscribers said, "Nurses, even under the best of hospital conditions, have an exhausting, nerve-racking working life. They are entitled to the best that money can provide in the way of comforts and amenities in return. We have found that to provide these things for our nurses is to consult the best interests of our patients."

Those words should be written up in the boardroom of every hospital in the land.

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LEMON BARLEY is the most deliciously refreshing thirst quencher ever made. But it must be Eiffel Tower, because being CONCENTRATED INTO A POWDER needs no preservatives. This means that you get the true lemon-barley flavour in all its freshness.

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EIFFEL TOWER LEMON BARLEY


Concluding "THE WAR'S GREATEST SIEGE"

# I SPY on Germany's "LAWRENCE of ARABIA"

*For a long second Wassmuss looked at the man who had rushed forward to help him. I made a deep salaam*

BAGHDAD, at the end of May, 1916, after the arrival of the British and Indian prisoners who had been sent up from Kut after General Townshend had surrendered, was in a turmoil. The Turks were elated, and, with German propaganda doing its work, were of the opinion that the end of a victorious war was in sight—that the hated English would soon be driven back into the sea from which they had come.

From Arabs in the bazaar I learned of what had happened when the prisoners had arrived and, for my own sake, was thankful that I had been too late to see it.

MEANWHILE I had my orders, so on reaching Baghdad I secured such shelter as I could unobtrusively in the corner of a bazaar and began to glean whatever information was possible. There was not much time to be lost.

I went, therefore, as soon as the coast was clear to a certain house whose address I had memorised, which lay tucked away in an alley that led down to the river. Both space and inclination prevent me dilating on what happened there, how and what plans were made and what further information was given me.

The final decision, however, was that I should close the "stuttering Arab" period of my existence, as it was only a question of time before the German "I" branch would want to investigate.

Because my Arabic was still not quite fluent, it would be better if I were to take the rôle of a menial going on to Kermanshah to join relatives there. To prevent any accident in the matter of language, I was to be dumb—tongue-tied from birth.

Menial workers, as in all war times, were hard to get, so within forty-eight hours—once again dirty, unshaven and dishevelled, and in the poorest possible raiment—I left Baghdad as a camel attendant and camp scavenger in a caravan on the eastern route across the Pusht-i-Kuh mountains in the general direction of Kermanshah.

There may be much romance—in England—in the thought of a caravan journey across the oldest countries in the world.

There possibly is—if you are the owner of the caravan, ambling along in the knowledge that your life is secure, your riches adequate, and the inmates of your harem both secure and adequate as well as beautiful.

But to a camp scavenger engaged in chores too filthy to mention here, beaten on the least excuse, sometimes ill paid and sometimes not paid at all, with only the shelter of the shadow of one of the beasts for shade, and all the protection at night its close proximity—believe me, there is no romance at all.

WE travelled. The days—the monsoons had not yet broken—were parched and brazen, and the blistering sand yielded treacherously beneath our feet, while ever before us was the cruel, enticing beauty of mirage endeavouring to deflect us from our course.

But our guides had travelled that route for more years than they remembered. I had enough to do with my own troubles and fears lest my disguise should be penetrated, to worry about mirages—though a hundred times a day I could have sworn we were going the wrong way.

One day we began to climb. The nights began to get cooler. Still we climbed.

Through a pass amid scenery that beggars description we dropped again to a lower level. Persia—we had left Mesopotamia behind!

At the frontier we were stopped by Persian *gendarmes*. But apparently my employer was well known and no one took any notice whatsoever of a dirty camp scavenger with a twisted tongue.

A day's march beyond the frontier post we were ordered to pitch our camp somewhat more elaborately than had hitherto been the case, and I wondered what was the reason for this change of routine.

On the afternoon of the second day I knew. From somewhere out of the south another caravan was suddenly silhouetted against the skyline, and by dark had joined us. There was no attempt to subterfuge as the tall, grey speed camel leading the procession came to a halt and its rider descended.

It was my hand that steadied the mount and mine that directed the rider's foot to the ground. And it was thus I had the honour of meeting one of our greatest enemies, and one who, had he had the slightest suspicion of my existence, would — very rightly, perhaps—have shot me dead without a moment's hesitation.

FOR the man who had descended from the speed camel was no other than the famous Wassmuss—the man as famous in Germany and as useful to our enemies as his opposite number, the late Lawrence of Arabia, was to us.

For a long second Wassmuss looked at the man who had rushed forward to help him down. I made a deep salaam. He passed on. . . . With my heart palpitating I turned away—but I had one of the greatest thrills I shall ever have. . . . Phew! I still tingle at the thought of it all.

It would have been folly, of course, situated as I was, to attempt to pit myself against this man. But another

(Continued on page 24)

*JOHN BULL Readers' Stories No. 133*

WHEN NEXT YOU'RE MAKING A JELLY—

# Smell it!

## Can you smell real fruit juices?

**Here's a test** every housewife should make. Smell a table jelly after it's dissolved in the hot water. With an ordinary jelly you almost have to read the name on the packet to know what flavour it is. With a Rowntree's Jelly you smell immediately the *real fruit juices*. It's these fruit juices that make Rowntree's Jellies taste so much more delicious. Fresh Lemons; sweet Raspberries; juicy Oranges.

12 flavours to choose from. Cube-moulded for quick dissolving. Only 4½d. a packet.

**FREE GIFTS:** *A free Gift Coupon is included with every packet of Rowntree's Jellies. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. RZ.4, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet.*

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If children are given the right kind of food for supper invariably they sleep well. Such a food must not only be nourishing—it must not tax the digestion.

That is why countless mothers serve their children Kellogg's Rice Krispies. They are satisfying and easily digested. And how the kiddies love the snap, crackle and pop of the toasted rice bubbles when cold milk or cream is poured on. It is almost as much fun as eating them.

The whole family will enjoy Kellogg's Rice Krispies. No cooking required. Always oven-fresh in the sealed WAXTITE bag.

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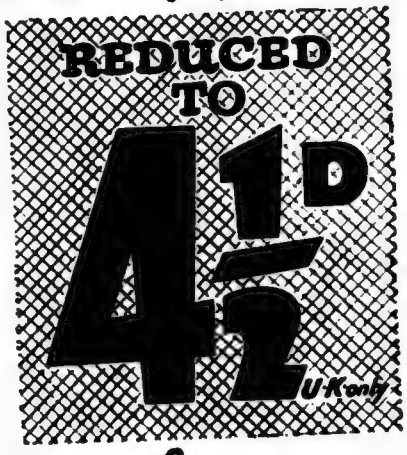


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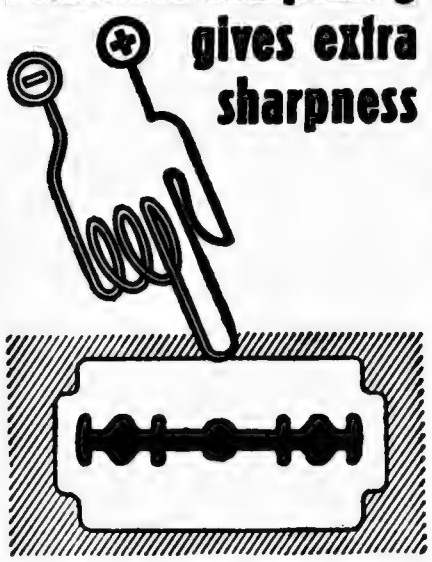

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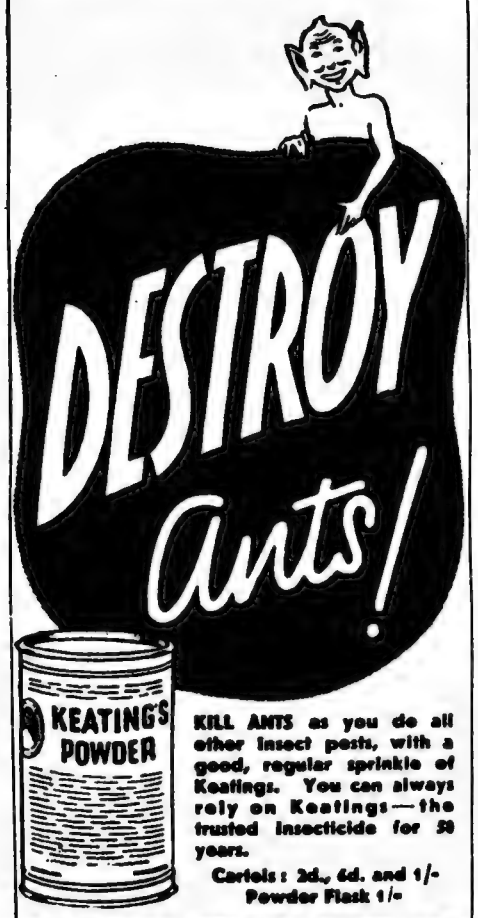


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Cartons: 2d., 6d. and 1/-
Powder Flask 1/-

KEATING'S POWDER THE PROVED INSECTICIDE

BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S


"I SPY"—*Continued from page 22*

# SAFE at LAST

alternative occurred to me. Its impertinence almost took away my own breath. I dared to harbour the thought of joining his caravan. . . .

Nothing could be done that night. I did try to get as close as I dared to the guest tent in which he was being received, but before I got even close enough to hear the echo of his voice I was soundly beaten and summarily thrown into the outer darkness with plenty of time to reflect that a scavenger's proper place is by his tethered camels.

CAMELS! It gave me an idea. Wassmuss's beasts were tethered close by, and I saw his men working half-heartedly on grooming them. Their chief, at any rate, was a European who had some regard for his animals. . . . In dumb show I explained my own job in the Arab caravan, and gave them to understand that either for a little money or an extra ration of dates (scavengers don't get much) I would be glad to help.

My offer was gladly accepted. In half an hour I knew what was coming. What a chance—I could almost hear them discussing me—to rope in this dumb fool who was *willing* to groom a camel instead of taking his ease in the dusk? How they could lie back while this new fool could be made to do all the work? And he was dumb and couldn't "blow the gaff." . . .

"Would'st like to join us, brother?" the question came at last. "No Feringee, our master, but a good German who loves and works for Islam. He pays well, and dates are plentiful." And so on. "We travel fast and even now make for Kermanshah after coming from Luristan. Ah! But you should see the girls in Kermanshah, brother, after they have come up from the Bakhtiari country . . ." And so on. Then: "What sayest thou, brother?"

BROTHER said "Rather!" in eager dumb show. He couldn't speak, but he quickly showed that money, dates and Bakhtiari girls were dear to the heart of a true believer, even if he were only a camp scavenger.

The next morning the German's overseer was approached—*by his own scavengers.*

Up to the scale . . . a word to my employer, and in due time I appeared before Wassmuss. The man was terrifying in his thoroughness—exacting to the last detail. But for the life of me I couldn't blame him.

One mistake could so easily spell failure.

He made one slip, though it was a very natural error. He didn't make a personal examination of the tendons of my tongue to see if I was really dumb!

But if his luck was out mine stood by me, though I was inwardly in a state of unholy terror. Even if he had only *suspected* me. . . . Nevertheless, I was lucky not to have been forced to have answered his searching cross-examination in actual speech. I doubt if I could have survived that.

In the end I was taken on by his foreman scavenger.

THE journey to Kermanshah was very exciting. The Russians were "going it strong," and our lot did not dare show up on the skyline if they could help it, especially as we were travelling close to the border.

I kept my eyes and ears open, but till we were met by another small caravan just south of Kermanshah, learnt very little of importance.

Again it was a European's caravan. From my unsuspicious position I watched very closely, and was soon able to verify my belief that these two men were probably Griesinger and Zugmayer, of whose existence as dangerous enemy agents—in partnership with two mysterious Indian traitors who had come from Berlin in the early days of the war—I had been warned in the house by the river in Baghdad.

To my consternation I now discovered that Wassmuss himself did not intend to go to Kermanshah, but was going south again to stir up still further trouble among the tribes there. He was apparently only reporting progress, and receiving funds and instructions. I was at a loss what to do, for get to Kermanshah I had to if all my work was not to be in vain.

During the journey north I had, naturally and quite easily (talking in dumb show about girls!) learned from my fellow scavengers the route that Wassmuss had been following and the tribes by whom he had been welcomed.

I decided to take the bull by the horns, and, still in dumb show, by this time I was quite perfect, openly made application to proceed to Kermanshah. To my surprise, but I presume that in view of the fact that my original destination was known to Wassmuss when I joined his caravan, I was allowed to do so, and in view of my good scavenging I was even granted the protection of Griesinger's outfit.

So to Kermanshah. There, in due course, I was discharged, and before another day had passed had reported to my relatives *in succinct and very voluble English.*

What a relief it was to be able to speak again without the sound of your voice leading you straight to a wall in the early dawn. . . .

I presume that in due course, too, the details of the German's activities were transmitted to the proper departments of the Allies' "Intelligence." History says he was checkmated once it was known where and how he was operating—up till then a matter of guesswork—but with this I am not concerned. After all a camp scavenger has—or should have—nothing to do with history.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

## Up and At 'Em!

*NO man, under any circumstances, has any right to be sorry for himself. Self-pity unmans. It saps energy. It destroys judgment. It blinds the eyes to opportunity.*

*If all your time is being spent on being sorry for yourself you won't have any with which to think of the best way out of your troubles. If you're going to use up all your energy on bemoaning your fate you'll end up by having something to be really sorry about, for you'll find that your initiative has vanished and you won't be able to do anything when the moment for action arrives.*

*Troubles demand action, not tears and lamentations.*

*There is no situation in the world in which a man may find himself that cannot be made better—as long as he doesn't lose heart.*

*Years ago a young actor refused to allow managers to bully him. He knew what he could do. He knew what he wanted to do. He refused to do anything else.*

*He fought and struggled and often starved. He never lost sight of his aim, and he would accept no engagement that did not send him a little way further on his chosen road.*

*He didn't get on very fast, and many people would have called him a fool. Many people in his position would have pitied themselves very heartily, and would have said rude things about the world in general and theatrical managers in particular.*

*But he didn't. He just kept on keeping on. He knew what he wanted, and he meant to get it.*

*To-day he is still a young actor. He is still on the stage. But he is also playing for the screen—and he can command many thousands of pounds for every film he makes.*

*If people want him they must take him on his own terms.*

*And even to-day he will cheerfully turn down offers of thousands of pounds rather than be made to do something which he feels would take him away from the goal he set himself to attain.*

*An ounce of that sort of determination is worth many tons of useless self-pity and grumbling.*

*If you think the world is stupid—teach it to be sensible. Don't let it make you stupid too!*

"The Greatest of These—"

# "Pick-Up" Wanted

SHIRLEY is a dainty little toddler of sixteen months, the youngest of four children, two boys and two girls. Her sister, aged eight, is not strong. She underwent an operation, and now suffers from her nerves and loss of appetite.

Shirley's brothers, aged ten and seven, are at present away in a L.C.C. school, where they were sent to relieve their mother at the time she was expecting Shirley's entrance into the world.

*Shirley*

Shirley's dad was at one time in a mental hospital. Sunstroke is probably responsible for much of his trouble.

The result now is that though he will work well and steadily as an outside station porter for months, earning on an average 35s. a week, for two or three weeks he will be totally unfit for work.

It is during these periods that payments for rent, etc., fall into arrears, and trouble descends like a black cloud over Shirley's family.

It was when they were passing through a time of unemployment, and Shirley's mother was expecting her third child, that they were evicted from their home for arrears of rent, and for two days and nights they walked the streets.

She has now had notice to quit her flat, not because of arrears of rent, as it is paid to date, but because the premises are being demolished.

As soon as she can provide suitable accommodation she can have her two boys back again.

"That is all we want," said Shirley's mother. "We don't think of anything else; but it is no good bringing them back as we stand, and we don't seem to get the chance to pick up."

As Shirley's mother was recommended to us as "worthy of every consideration," we ask our readers to give her the chance to "pick-up" by sending donations earmarked "Shirley," which, as in the case of subscriptions intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

When your dog is listless . .

# DON'T BLAME THE HEAT

It's the NEGLECTED DOG that suffers

## -the conditioned dog is safe

*How Bob Martin's Condition Powders provide your dog with the blood correctives he needs*

WHEN, on a hot day, you find your dog listless and off his food you may be tempted to blame the heat. But the trouble is due not so much to the heat as to your neglect, for listlessness is a sure sign that you have failed to provide your dog with the blood correctives he needs.

You must remember that a dog's health depends upon the purity of his blood. But because he lives a domesticated life and eats prepared foods your dog's blood is constantly loaded with impurities. He cannot rid himself of these impurities—his non-porous skin will not let him perspire them away—and his civilised life denies him the blood correctives provided by Nature in certain wild grasses.

On hot summer days, overheating aggravates these impurities until *in a few hours* he is completely out of condition. That is why he depends upon *you* to keep him fit by providing him regularly with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

Begin now to condition your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders *at morning, noon and night, every Saturday and Sunday*. Then his blood will always be pure, and in his keen appetite and lively manner you will see the perfect health which regular conditioning bestows. Bob Martin's purify the blood in a natural way—preventing all blood disorders such as loss of appetite, listlessness, loose coat, continual scratching and eczema.

*Why heat plays havoc with unconditioned dogs*

This photomicrograph shows the difference between porous skin (A), and non-porous skin (B). In porous skin there are ducts through which perspiration passes to the surface. But because there are no ducts in your dog's skin, he cannot rid himself of blood impurities by perspiring. That is why he needs to be provided *regularly* with the blood correctives in Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

# BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

keep dogs fit

In packets of 9 powders 6d.
In tins of 21 powders 1/-

## —*until I learnt about thin blood*"

"I work for a big firm. When I first joined them, I was keen and full of vigour. But last summer I began to find myself somehow slipping. I couldn't concentrate properly. The summer heat wore me out. I used to go home to my wife feeling dull and exhausted.

**WHAT OUR CHIEF ACCOUNTANT SAID . . .**

"The other fellows at the office didn't suffer that way — summer weather seemed to make them specially active and efficient. One day I told our chief accountant how I felt. 'That's because the heat makes your blood thin,' he said. 'I felt the same way until I started on Hall's Wine. It's a marvellous tonic — makes your blood rich and strong.'

"I told my wife what he'd said and she went out and bought me a bottle. It tasted grand, and I felt stronger at once. In a few days I found that 'Summer Fag' had completely disappeared. I began to feel much more sure of my job, and much less tired in the evenings."—*W.J.P., Preston.*

**GET NEW SUMMER STRENGTH *QUICKLY***

Doctors say that in summer the blood gets thin. This condition is called "Summer Fag." It means that you feel limp and run-down.

Hall's Wine is prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor. It quickly builds new *red blood cells* and ends "Summer Fag." You get splendid new strength, and really enjoy even the hottest weather. Doctors advise you to take two or three wineglassfuls every day, after meals. If you prefer a long drink, Hall's Wine is delicious with mineral waters. From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

DELICIOUS HALL'S WINE GIVES YOU NEW SUMMER STRENGTH

If you have not yet tried Euthymol, write to Dept. 67/87, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1, for a free 7-day sample.

# Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

## HAPPY MOUTHS

To wake in the morning having brushed the teeth at bedtime with Euthymol is to start the day well. To show how pleasant it is, the opportunity is offered to all to use this dentifrice for a week without cost. Those who try Euthymol will be so delighted with its effects that they would continue to use it, even if it were not, in the regular size, as economical as it is agreeable.

Price 1s. 3d. per tube.

"My hair is getting grey, Vera . . . how on earth do you keep yours so "young and beautiful . . . or is that a secret?"
"Deckers, my boy. Just rubbed into the scalp every day it restores the gloss and natural colour."
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Hair Darkening bay rum

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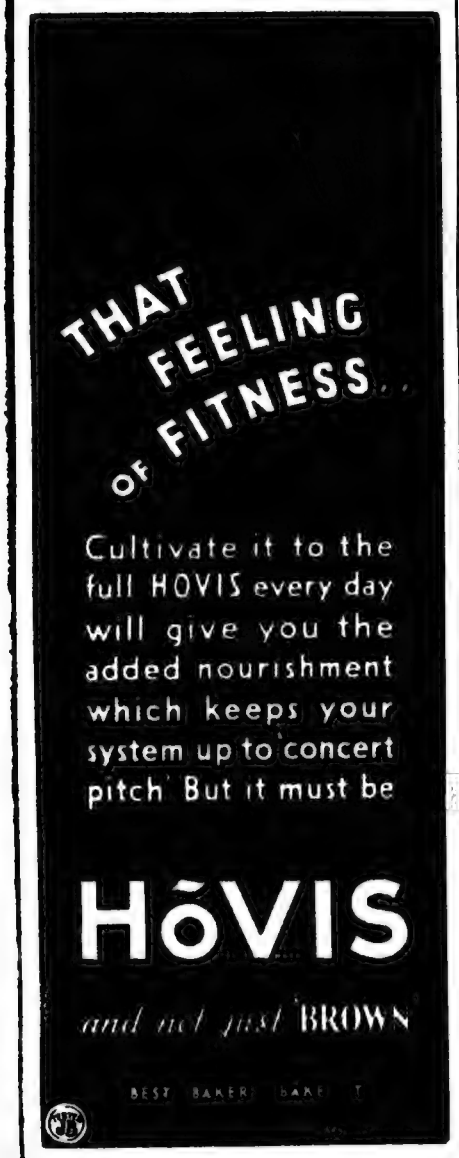
ACT LIKE MAGIC! 2d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HOVIS
and not just BROWN

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

# Giving a SHOPLIFTER Away?

IN one of his essays E. V. Lucas describes a school where on one day in every term a bandage was placed over the eyes of every scholar. The effect was to make the children sightless for that one day; the purpose to make them sympathetic to the misfortunes of others.

But it had another result. It meant that for that definite period they were blind to the faults and failures of those around them.

The same practice might, with advantage, be imposed upon many adults. There are some folk who are far too quick to detect weaknesses in others. It would be well if they could be perpetually blinkered.

But here is a woman in an entirely different category. She is actually paid to look for people who are making mistakes. This is what she says:

Before I was married I was a detective in a big store in this town. However, when I started having a family I had to give up work, but the firm now sends for me each Bank Holiday and during the sale rush, and that helps us quite a lot, as my husband is only a boot repairer working for himself in our own little shop. When I left I was replaced by a man detective, so that when I go back now I work with him. Last time I was there I watched a woman who came in every day, sometimes twice a day, and each time she had different clothes on. I knew that she was "on the game," but I could never catch her at it. One day, however, I actually saw her pick some baby frocks up. She must have had an idea that she was watched, for she dropped the "stuff" on the floor. The law says that we must not touch a person unless we are certain that they have the goods on them, and so I could do nothing.

However, later in the day my partner called me to him and said "There's a woman in —— department that I would like you to keep an eye on, because detectives from other stores have followed her here and tipped me about her." I went with him to the department, and when he pointed her out to me I saw that it was the woman I had suspected. However, I didn't see her take anything and my time was up the next day.

The other day I was sitting in our own little shop when a woman brought a pair of boots to be repaired. I knew her face instantly.

After she had gone out I asked my husband if she had been in before. "Why, certainly," he replied, "she only lives at —— and she is one of my best customers." So now you know my position. It will soon be holiday time again. If I see that woman in the store, must I shut my eyes to her movements, or what ought I to do?

☆ ★ ☆

There ought not to be much difficulty in solving this problem. To a small shopkeeper the loss of a "best customer" may be very regrettable. But let me remind my correspondent that her firm employs her for the purpose of protecting their interests against shoplifters.

She would be almost as bad as this woman, if, whilst taking the firm's money, she deliberately shirked her duty. If the offender were even a close relation the position would be just the same.

The private interests of my correspondent are not the concern of her employers. She must either do the job for which she is paid or let somebody else take it on.

This woman thief is obviously an "old hand" at the game. She carries on her practices at a number of stores, as other detectives have testified. Sooner or later she will be caught and should then get the punishment she richly deserves. In any event, therefore, the custom for that boot-repairing husband is likely to be withdrawn . .

*"I knew that she was 'on the game.' She must have had an idea that she was watched"*

☆ ★ ☆

And "to speak or to remain silent" is the question raised in my next letter. Here again a theft has been committed —this time of a very brutal character.

My correspondent says:

My husband is only earning 31s. 5d. a week, so I sell a little drapery to help matters. There is a widow near here who has seven children to keep on a weekly pension of 30s. While she was out somebody broke into her house and stole some money from a drawer. The police suspect a local girl who has been in the habit of buying things from me. The same day as the theft she ordered some rather expensive items, and I know she intends paying ready money for them, although she has never done so before.

I am almost frantic with worry, as the police know of her dealings with me and have asked me to let them know when the goods arrive. I don't want to ruin the girl, as her family is much respected. Shall I keep quiet about her paying cash or tell the police everything? I have daughters of my own, and it would break my heart if one of them got into trouble.

I can never understand the mentality of some folk. When a particularly foul murder has been committed the victim is often forgotten in the swamp of sympathy with which the murderer is surrounded. The same is true of this case.

Not one word of regret is uttered for that poor woman with seven children who has been cruelly robbed. There can be no crime more despicable than to steal from the "widow and fatherless." I can understand my correspondent's desire to shield a girl who belongs to a "respected family." I can appreciate her feelings as she thinks of her own daughters.

The police, however, are on the trail and she will be very foolish if she does not tell them everything she knows. If the suspected girl is innocent she will be able to explain how she came by the money to pay for those goods, and in that way her name will be cleared. If she is guilty, she deserves to be "brought to book."

As in everything else, there are degrees of wrongdoing, and it is well therefore "to make the punishment fit the crime." I have been wondering what penalty ought to be inflicted in the following case:

A friend of mine has a little general shop and she has been very kind to me, as when my husband was not working she gave him some odd jobs to do. Now this friend employs a young boy to help her in the shop, and when she has to go out she leaves him in charge.

When my husband was doing a job there this boy offered him some cigarettes out of the shop and told him not to trouble about paying for them. My husband, of course, refused to take them and pointed out how wrong it was for him to act in such a way.

Now I want to know whether I should tell my friend of this incident? I would not like to cause the boy's dismissal, as I have children of my own, yet I wonder if he is giving goods away to other people he knows who come into the shop. Will you please advise me what to do?

My correspondent calls this offender "a young boy." I imagine, therefore, that he is in his early 'teens. If his delinquency is brought to the knowledge of his employer he will probably be dismissed. And, without a character, he may have difficulty in obtaining another job.

☆ ★ ☆

On the other hand, his pilfering must be stopped, not only for the sake of that friendly employer, but before it reaches more serious proportions.

My correspondent should have a straight talk with the lad herself. Kindly, but firmly, he should be shown how unjustly he is treating his employer. He should be told that if he persists in his practices he will soon find himself in serious trouble, and that his parents will get to hear of it.

I hope that warning will be sufficient. If, however, my correspondent finds that he is unrepentant, then his employer must be informed. She will be able to deal with the matter as she thinks best.

---

**Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.**

## AMAZING RADIO REVELATIONS

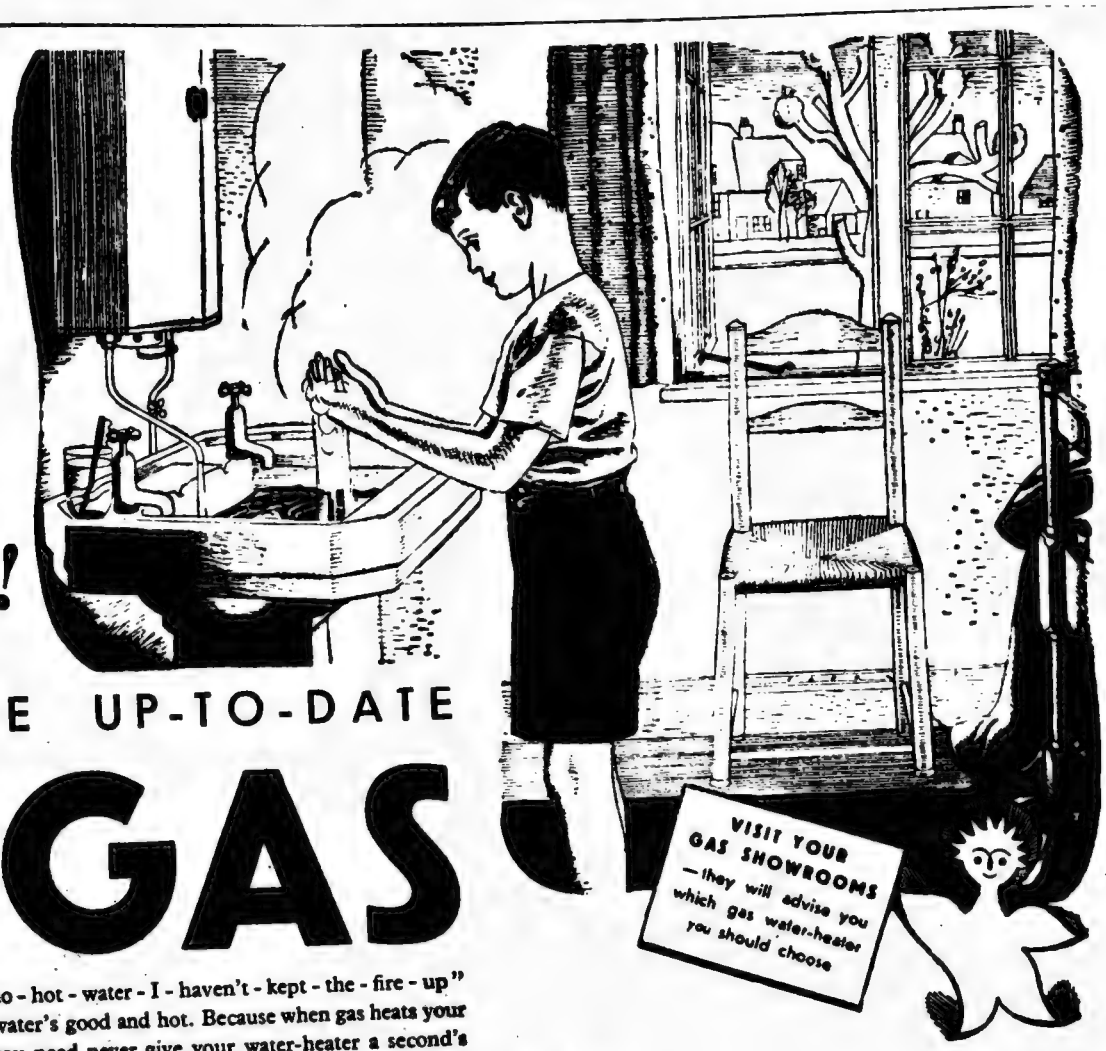
The bursting of the B.B.C.! Sir John Reith has had to watch section after section of his organisation break off and scatter about London—because the still new Broadcasting House, the wonder palace of radio, is already far too small.

This astounding article by Leslie Baily appears in this week's sparkling Midsummer Double Number of *The Passing Show*, out on Friday, July 19.

In addition, there are many other fine features, including six complete short stories, and the opening chapter of the thrilling new serial, "The Secret People," by John Beynon. Also enthralling feature articles by Helen Jacobs, Lady Drummond Hay, S. P. B. Mais, and numerous others. And last, but not least, an extra special fun section.

Make sure you get this special number of *The Passing Show*, price threepence.

# Wherever, *whenever* we want it our hot water's *hot!*

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# CHEATING *the* *Assassin*

*"Why, the moustache gives them away!" you may say. But when the "double" shaved it off, as he did later, could you have told him from Mustapha Kemal?*

## —with a "Double"

EVERY man has a double somewhere in the world—somebody with so close a resemblance to himself that his best friends would be deceived—according to a popular belief.

Is it strange, therefore, that dictators and other well-known figures who risk assassination or injury with every public appearance should protect their own skins by employing such people to impersonate them, as Hitler did recently when the new Munich-Salzburg motor-road was opened?

Sitting in a car that drove through wildly cheering avenues of hundreds of thousands of people was as remarkable a double of Hitler as the mind can imagine. The risks he runs in his work are grave, but as he is reported to be the highest paid official in Germany, the arrangement is undoubtedly mutually satisfactory both to Hitler and his "twin."

After all, the ruse is only an ancient one that Roman and Greek notabilities used to employ—taking the added precaution of having all their meals tasted in case they had been poisoned.

That both devices should have been revived in the last few years is an obvious development, seeing that we have lived, since the war, in a world of tottering dynasties, ever-changing boundaries and revolutionary flights to power of such figures as Mussolini and Hitler, in which the danger of assassination has increased tenfold.

### *If Dollfus . .*

Mustapha Kemal, the saviour of Turkey, is known to employ both doubles and food-tasters. Dollfus might not have died at the hands of an assassin if his small stature and unmistakable appearance had not made almost hopeless his quest for a man who resembled him in every way.

Hindenburg had a remarkable "double"—until a dog bit his face. He was given heavy damages against the owner, because his earnings had thereby been seriously affected.

Spanish troops twice killed Ab del Krim, the Riff leader, before they finally captured him—or at least they believed they had killed him, before they discovered that the victim in each case had been a double.

Once a picture of Krim in captivity was published—to the delight of the Spanish nation, until it was discovered that he, too, was a double.

And if you wonder whether such deception is worth while ask King Zog, the picturesque King of Albania, who would not be alive to-day if he had not found a perfect double in Major Topollay, whom he promoted to his personal staff.

When King Zog used to go to a theatre it was Topollay who sat at the front of the Royal Box, bowing to the plaudits of the crowd. Zog was lost in the shadows near the back-curtains.

When they dined out it was Topollay who gave imperious orders to the waiters. Zog communicated them to him in muffled undertones.

When, in Vienna in 1932, an assassin with a pistol lurked in the street with the intention in his heart of killing the King of Albania, it was Topollay at whom he took aim. The assassin's revolver spat out. Crowds saw a man totter and fall inert on the pavement, and ran to give aid.

They lifted the dying man's head. But it was Major Topollay who stared up at them in agony—not King Zog.

Fortunately there is no need for big public figures in this country to employ these doubles of death, because assassination seems even to the extremists among us to be a cowardly and revolting business.

Yet there was a time when people thought our Ministers might want to use doubles.

During the Irish trouble people who fancied they resembled Cabinet Ministers, particularly the Irish Minister, were always calling at or writing to Downing Street offering their services.

It says a lot both for the personal courage and faith in their fellow-countrymen of our public men that not one such offer was accepted.

In any case, any well-known figure who has a double soon hears about it from one source or another, without the double in question writing to let him know. As a rule he makes it convenient to meet his living shadow.

Mr. Churchill had a double in a solicitor's clerk who died recently, and who was frequently saluted in the street. Mr. Baldwin has one in a former Bradford City footballer. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher had the unusual pleasure of seeing his double elected to Parliament, and actually met him in the House.

Our present King's double was the late Sir Charles Madden, who died in June, and who was a brother-in-law of Earl Jellicoe. His Majesty had no need to turn the resemblance to account. He was just amused at the circumstance, and pleased to hear stories of how frequently Sir Charles was mistaken for him.

### *Not here*

King Edward did make use of his double—Hugo Gorlitz, of Witten, Westphalia, who was employed in London musical circles for many years. But it was not because he feared assassination.

When Emile Fuchs had to design the first postage stamps bearing King Edward's head it was Gorlitz—whom the King knew well—who sat for him for most of the time. King Edward was only wanted for the final sitting of two hours.

No, one has to go far back in history to find cases of doubles being employed in this country—apart, of course, from the use of them by criminals to establish alibis, or the one or two wealthy people with persecution mania who have employed people to impersonate them.

Henry IV. was not content to use only one when he plunged bravely into the fray at the Battle of Shrewsbury, having taken care, first, to divert attention from himself as far as possible. He dressed Sir Walter Blunt and three others in the "Royal suit and clothing" and sent them into the thick of it.

All four were killed before Earl Douglas picked out the real Henry plunging into the affray shouting "St. George! Victory!"—and struck him down.

"The King was raised and went on in the fray, doing many a valiant feat of arms," history records of him. He certainly had every need, however, to be thankful for his ruse.

### *King's deception*

Another Royal figure who gloried in employing a man who was the living image of himself was Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III., and who kept a shadowy and extravagant court at Carlton House. But all he expected was that the man should stay at home and suggest that the heir to the throne was leading a sober and quiet life when, in reality, he was visiting fortune-tellers or watching bull-baiting.

Then the wild Lord Camelford, who set London alight with his mad escapades just over a hundred years ago, found it convenient to employ a double.

Shamed into resigning from the Navy, when he was deprived of his command for killing a fellow-officer, he took up the strange hobby of assaulting all and sundry, paying the closest attention to people in uniform.

The duty of his "shadow" was to take his place in the cells, which was usually accomplished with the aid of bribery. But Lord Camelford himself used to delight in practising impersonation. He used to persuade the officer of the night watch, either by force or more persuasive methods, to let him take his place, whereupon he would examine all the delinquents and allow them to go free.

Blucher, visiting London after he had helped Wellington to victory, had to employ a double to protect him from vociferous crowds so wild with enthusiasm that they even disarmed the Royal sentries.

Nowhere in British history of the last two or three centuries is there an authentic case of a man employing a double for the purpose Herr Hitler has in mind when he sends to public functions a man whom he hopes the multitudes will mistake for himself.

While British character remains as it is there never will be

**SEND NO MONEY WITH ORDER**

**JUST PAY POSTMAN 1/- DEPOSIT ON DELIVERY**

To conform to modern fashions, some restraint has to be placed on bust and hips. The latest Ambron Free-Form Model does what is necessary without the slightest discomfort to the wearer. The way in which it moulds the hips, controls the abdomen and supports the bust while leaving the body with a delightful feeling of freedom is a triumph of expert corsetry. This garment is made in all sizes of durable satin-faced material in tea-rose. It laces at the back, has an 8-inch busk and four suspenders, and definitely enhances the charm of every woman who wears it. The price is only 8/11, and a Free-Form Model will be sent to you on approval. On delivery of the parcel just pay the postman first payment of 1/- and balance by monthly instalments. *(See Coupon.)*

**Deposit back if you do not buy**

What could be fairer or more satisfactory than such a method of choosing foundation garments?

**FREE-FORM C.O.D COUPON**

Please send me, on approval, C.O.D., at this week's Bargain Price of **8/11**, an Ambron Free-Form Model to following measurements:—

Bust..... Hips.....

Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. bust. I will pay postman, on delivery, first payment of 1/-, and will remit balance of 7/11 and 6d. to cover postage, either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit. ENCLOSE COUPON WITH FULL NAME (Mrs. or Miss) AND ADDRESS.

*Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only*

"John Bull," 20/7/35, No. 409

Post your Order to—

**AMBROSE WILSON, LTD., 409, Ambron House, 69, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.**

**GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value**

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

**JUNE** This lovely Summer Frock is beautifully produced in floral Artificial Silk Georgette. It is designed in the Empire style with short puff sleeves, and smartly gathered frill collar. The skirt portion is cut in full flare fashion, finished with self tie to fasten in a bow at the back. The garment is mounted on plain Suede Artificial Silk foundation. Supplied in the following ground shades with contrasting floral effects:—Lemon, Blue, Green, & White. Sizes: S S W. to W. Busts: 32 to 38in. Lengths: 46 to 52in. **24/6**

Terms: 3/6 Monthly.

**WRITE FOR PATTERNS**

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Coats, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.

**J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**

**3/6 Monthly**

**PURE BEER FOR 1D PER PINT**

REFRESHING & STIMULATING

SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD EASILY MADE AT HOME FROM

**VIGGORMALT** (REGD.)

PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF

**RICH MALT & HOPS**

simply add cold water

**FREE YEAST** WITH EACH TIN

Get a SHILLING tin of VIGGORMALT to-day. 3 times quantity, 2/6 tin, from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops, Parkes, or any Store, Chemist or Grocer; or send P.O. or stamps for one shilling direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., Dept. 7 C, Davigdor Road, Hove, Sussex. Postage extra for abroad

# *Well-cut Pattern Free!*

# Keep COOL this summer in this trim LINEN OVERALL . . . .

This dainty, demure overall is to be worn in place of a frock. Note the neat belt and Peter Pan collar. It's perfectly simple to make—you'll find full instructions with the free Robin Starch pattern.

Linen leads this summer—it's gone completely gay! Choose one of the new flecked linens for material—white suits everyone, blue for blondes. An overall saves your dresses—and starching saves overalls. You'll find that any overall, linen or gingham, keeps crisp and clean much longer if you starch with Robin, the easy starch that gives the expert finish. There's no fuss with Robin—nothing to add. There's no sticking—your iron glides beautifully!

**PATTERN FREE**

With the pattern of this dainty overall, designed by a famous fashion house, are full instructions for cutting out, amount of material, etc. Sizes are 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 (bust). The pattern is free in exchange for the lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet of Robin Starch or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d., or 1d. packets. Post in sealed, stamped envelope with coupon below.

# ROBIN STARCH

**POST THIS COUPON**

To Pattern Dept., RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL

*I enclose Robin Starch lids bearing prices to the amount of 10d. Please send me pattern of Linen Overall (R.P.I.) size 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 (Cross out sizes which do not apply).*

21 20.7.35.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

.....

**When your Dog is listless—DON'T BLAME THE HEAT**

Turn to page 25 and learn how Bob Martin's Condition Powders provide your dog with the blood correctives he vitally needs.

**SONGO**

**PREVENTS SEASICKNESS**

and all travel sickness, by bus, car, train or air; never fails. Guaranteed in every case. Tiny, tasteless capsules, box 1/3. Any Chemist can supply SONGO, or obtain it for you within a few hours. VANDER, Ltd., Pitt Street, Glasgow.

**A FREE BOOKLET** *'Hints for Picnics & Holiday Camping'*

Useful advice and information, including suggestions for menus—hints on salads—choice of equipment—tasty snacks, etc., etc., is contained in a free booklet which readers can obtain by writing to Armour & Co., Ltd., Dept. L15, Armour House, St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1. Send to-day for your copy—it's free. See page 47.

**INTRODUCING**

*Miss Fearless & Miss Funk*

I'VE FOUND A LOVELY NEW FACE POWDER FOR GREASY SKIN . . 'STAYMAT'
YOU CAN HAVE IT— NOTHING NEW FOR ME THANKS!
THIS 'STAYMAT' IS DOING MY SKIN GOOD IT MUST BE THE PEROXIDE IN IT!
WELL I'VE GOT SOME PEROXIDE IF THAT'S ALL IT IS!
GOOD MORNING MISS FEARLESS — HOW LOVELY YOU LOOK!
PERHAPS I SHOULD TRY THAT POWDER AFTER ALL!

**STAYMAT FACE POWDER**
**SPECIALLY FOR GREASY SKINS**

**FREE** Send 1½d. to Dept. F.5 Helmar Ltd., 204 Gt. Portland St., London W.1, for sample. State Shade.

CVS—41



**15 YEARS' AGONY WITH GASTRIC ULCERS**

**NOW COMPLETELY CURED**

WHAT a wonderful experience! After 15 years of stomach misery her first dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia stopped the pain and brought joy to Mrs. Edwards of Chatham. Here is what she says:

"A sufferer for 15 years with Gastric Ulcers, I tried different remedies without avail until I took 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and after the first dose I felt a new woman, able to enjoy all the luxury of life. After 15 years of agony I am completely cured."

The unique and unfailing efficacy of 'Bisurated' Magnesia is due to the fact that it is an ideal combination of ingredients which recent Medical Research and X-ray experiments have proved to be the quickest and most effective known to medical science. No matter how bad your stomach trouble, 'Bisurated' Magnesia is bound to bring relief. To avoid disappointment, ask your chemist clearly for 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA; it costs but 1/3, and there is no substitute.



**Painful PILES**

**Eased in 5 minutes**

**FREE** Send no money, only a postcard for a liberal FREE supply of 'Nemolin' Ointment—the pile cure that SAVES the KNIFE. Within five minutes of the first application you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. Write that postcard NOW (1d. stamp) to International Chemical Co., Ltd., (Dept. Z/99), Braydon Rd., London, N.16.


# All the World comes to Dance

A MAN was sitting in his bedroom in a village inn, when the quiet evening was disturbed by music and the sound of shuffling feet coming up from the street below. He put his head out of the window and saw for the first time in his life a group of villagers doing a Morris dance.

From that little incident, happening away back in 1900 at Headington, near Oxford, was born the English Folk Dance Society, which has organised the huge International Folk Dancing Festival, the first of its kind, being held in London this week.

The man who put his head out of the window was Cecil Sharp—destined in years to come to be famous all over the world, wherever folk dancing is practised.

But on that still summer evening, as he peered out of the window, he gazed at the dancers, making their way slowly down the village street, with astonishment.

*"Nobody knows how far back some of these folk-dances go." This picturesque group comes from France*

What was this strange dance? Where had they learnt it? He had never seen anything like it before.

Curiosity sent him dashing down the stairs and out into the street, to question them and find out more about it.

The villagers talked to him willingly enough. They told him they had learnt the dance from their fathers, who, in their turn, had been taught by *their* fathers. Nobody knew how far back the dance went, but it had always been part of the life of the village.

THE leader of the little band was a lusty young man of twenty-seven, by name Kimber. To-day he is what ought to be an old man of sixty-two But age has stolen none of his grace and skill. On the contrary, he is famous now as the best Morris Dancer in the world, and will lead a group of men through the intricacies of this English dance during the Festival.

What he learnt from his talk with those village dancers on that evening sent Cecil Sharp hunting up and down England for the last remnants of the old traditional folk dances.

The more he searched the more he became fascinated by the strange and interesting dances he discovered—the horn dance in which they wore antlers, the little-known English Sword Dance, which must not be confused with the well-known Scottish variety, Morris Dances and Country Dances.

To-day Cecil Sharp is dead. But if his shade could come back to visit London in July, 1935, it would rejoice at this great gathering of folk dancers who have come from almost every country of Europe, from America, and from every corner of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, to dance together in international friendship. Over a thousand dancers will take part.

There will be cotton spinners from Royton, in Lancashire, doing their Morris Dance wearing bells below the knee

From North Skelton, in Yorkshire, the ironworkers have sent a team of sword dancers. The sword is held in the hand throughout the many complicated "figures" which are performed, and not crossed on the ground as in the Scottish dance. In fact, the movements made with the sword are just as important as those made with the feet. It is a dance for men only.

From Kirby Malzeard, a small village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, come dancers who wear a red flannel tunic cut like a soldier's and trimmed with white braid down the front and round the collar and cuffs, white trousers with a wide red stripe down the side of each leg, brown canvas shoes, and tight cricketing caps quartered in red and white.

Throughout the winter these village dancers, who are carrying on the tradition of their forefathers, meet regularly for practice. But it is at Christmas time that they don costume and give "performances."

BETWEEN Christmas Eve and New Year they dance in their own and the neighbouring villages, mostly out of doors.

Coalminers form another team which has come to the Festival—the Royal Earsdon Sword Dancers, from Durham.

Then there is Billy Caine, from the Isle of Man. He does the Dirk Dance, believed to have been danced originally only by the Kings of Man. It is a solo dance which Billy has been doing since he was sixteen years old. Now he is twenty-three.

From Cambo, in Northumberland, has come a team of village "yokels" who were only discovered by the Folk Dance Society recently. They dance what is known locally as the Morpeth Rant—a country dance found in no other part of England.

That strange contraption of a man got up to look like a horse, and famous in the South of England as the Hobby Horse, is to be seen there. Fishermen from Minehead, in Somerset, and Padstow, in Cornwall, give these performances. There are, besides, dancers in their national costumes from Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

But the really picturesque note of the Festival is struck by the 500 foreign visitors.

From a quiet valley tucked away in the Pyrenees have come women who dance in sabots with toes that curl up nine inches from the ground. From a neighbouring village come men and women who perform the whole of their dance on the right foot.

THERE are fair Scandinavian youths and maidens, wearing the bright coloured national costume of their native land, and sometimes carrying garlands of flowers. They perform the "courtship" and "bridal" dances as they are done in their own villages at home.

The "Torch" Dance also comes from Norway and Sweden. This is a folk dance which has been handed down from the ancient pagan days, when it was given to propitiate the God of Light during the long, dark winter.

In the Kentucky Mountains, in America, are still living small communities of people, so cut off from the rest of the world that they have retained to this day the old folk dances their forefathers took with them when they migrated there from England 250 years ago. A team of them have left their mountain homes and come to London to appear in the Festival.

There are, besides, peasants in their native dress from Russia, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Italy, and France.

Each group of dancers has brought its own music. There are many different kinds of bagpipes.

From Denmark comes an eighty-year-old fiddler, hale and hearty, to play for the fishermen dancers from a little island off Jutland. The dancing master in charge of the peasants from Gorsel, in Holland, wears a top-hat with a huge orange streamer.

And a weatherbeaten cowherd has left his herds in the Alps to play the alpenhorn for the Swiss dancers. It is an enormous horn many feet long, and is said to make a louder noise than any other musical instrument.

## Dread Blue Flash

"EARTHQUAKES are unknown there, and the only violent manifestation of the weather takes the form of violent thunderstorms which reach their worst round about July and August."

Nobody will quarrel with the above description of the British climate by an American writer in a guide-book published for the benefit of prospective visitors to this country. There is proof in the violent thunderstorms we have had already this summer.

Only a fortnight ago houses were struck in many parts of the country. Millions of volts of unleashed electricity went flashing through people's homes.

Only those who have lived through such a dreadful experience know what freak results can follow—such as a knife burning its way through a table, piano-keys torn from their setting. In a Glamorgan home recently the hissing blue flash that split the chimney-stack tore the bedroom fire-grate from the brickwork and flung it across the room to recline against the frame of the bed!

It was a dreadful calamity for the householder.

Both the bedroom and room beneath it were littered with bricks, mortar, plaster and soot. The damage to his own personal belongings was on a heartbreaking scale.

Fortunately for him, he had signed a form such as you will find to-day on page 2. It registered him under the unique JOHN BULL free insurance scheme, and so we saw to it that he was not out of pocket.

Have you taken that simple precaution? It has saved many a family from ruin, when Fate has struck quick and hard!

# "I suppose I HAVE got a collar on?"

"Van Heusen" Collars are so comfortable, so perfect in their fit, that the wearer may well be excused for a momentary doubt as to whether he is wearing a collar at all.

"Van Heusen" world-famous collars are the ONLY collars woven in one piece on a curve to fit the neck. They represent a perfect alliance of quality, comfort, and economy.

They are more comfortable than stiff collars—more stylish than soft ones; and are correct for every occasion.

"Van Heusen" Collars are sold everywhere in white and coloured designs, price 1/3 each.

*Ask for*

**"VAN HEUSEN"** *Semi-stiff* **COLLARS.**

Sole Manufacturers:—
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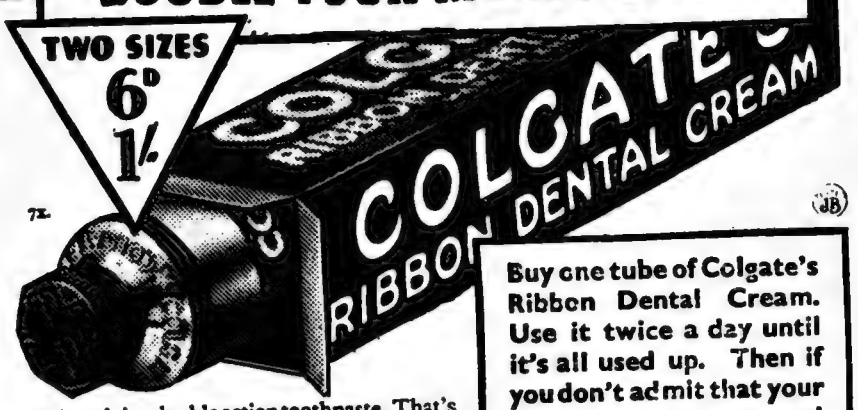
# When you are hungry...a SANDWICH is always SATISFYING *and* NOURISHING

C.F.H.35

# ONE TUBE MUST DO IT!

*Cleaner, Brighter Teeth..or*
**DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**




Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the ***seven kinds of stains*** left on the teeth by everything you eat and drink and smoke every day. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn discolourations. Prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference that these two cleansing actions can make in the appearance of your teeth.

**Buy one tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day until it's all used up. Then if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner and brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Rd., London, S.W.1, and we will refund you twice what you paid.**

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

*The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page* 35.

# A Cut off the Joint —

is **nicer** with

# MUSTARD

—Colman's Mustard

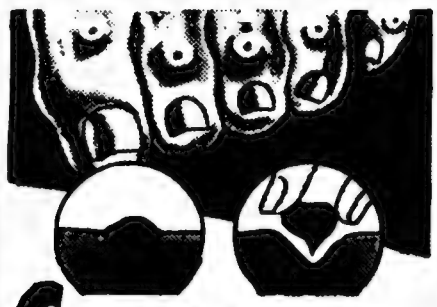
**Dark-brown BLONDES ...why be Blind?**

**You can now lighten darkened, brownish blond and fair hair 2 to 4 shades ...**

***in one shampoo without bleaching***

You cannot shut your eyes to the fact that natural true blondes are most fascinating to both men and women. It's their blond hair that makes them stand out. But when it turns brown and mousey it lets down your whole personality. It then lacks that alluring colourfulness that makes true blondes so lovely—so desirable. Now you can bring back that lovely natural blond colour—but not with ordinary shampoos. Sta-blond, that wonderful shampoo treatment, will not only wash your darkened hair 2 to 4 shades lighter, but will give it that luxurious shining silkiness, softness and beauty that is possessed only by true, natural, golden blond hair—without using colouring rinses, henna, camomile, dyes, peroxide or injurious bleaches. Used by millions—makes every kind of permanent wave last longer. Try it yourself, or at your hairdresser's, and if you don't think it is the finest thing you've known, ask for your money back. Known abroad as Nurblond and Blondex. Sta-blond Laboratories Ltd., Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

**STA-BLOND** THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO



**CORNS COME RIGHT OUT!**

Say goodbye to corns and foot pains! Here's the quickest, surest relief known. Just plunge your aching, corn-tortured feet into the medicated and oxygenated water of a "Reudel' Saltrates foot-bath. Relief is almost instant! Oxygen enters the pores, banishing tiring acids and carrying special corn-loosening salts to the roots so that corns soon come right out easily and painlessly! Don't risk blood-poisoning by cutting your corn, but get *quicker and safer* relief with 'Reudel.'

**REUDEL BATH SALTRATES**

(Say ROO-DEL)

**Only in YELLOW packets**

**1/6 — large size 2/6.**

**Get this FREE GIFT BOOKLET**

In every packet of Rowntree's Jellies is included a free gift coupon, one towards your collection which can be exchanged for useful free gifts. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. RZ.4, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a copy of this interesting free gift booklet—which is offered in the advertisement on page 23.


# FALLING *from the Sky*

## . . The New *Thrill-a-Second* Sport

"LET'S go! . . ." With these words a body drops from an aeroplane and hurtles through the air like a stone. A few seconds elapse and suddenly a parachute shoots out behind it, catches the wind, checks it, steadies it and wafts it gently to earth—thousands of feet below. . . .

This comparatively common occurrence of literally falling "out of the blue" is becoming the new thrill-a-second sport which, sweeping throughout the world, is rapidly spreading across Britain.

Private clubs are being formed throughout this country, chiefly by owners of light aeroplanes, to exploit the new thrill—a sport which although still in the infant stage promises to become a popular pastime for people of all ages.

### £300 for a drop

A few years ago parachute jumping was regarded by the public as a last resort in the face of disaster, and a distasteful one even then. The parachute was regarded simply as a safety device. Its possibilities in other directions were entirely unsuspected.

Only seven years ago parachute demonstrators could command as much as £15 a jump; a few years before that £300 would not have been considered excessive. To-day £2 is the accepted rate—and little is thought of it.

A short time ago a parachute cost £65; now one can be bought for £40 owing to the increased demand.

When it is considered that hundreds of yards of the finest quality silk and cotton are used in the manufacture, and much of it has to be hand-sewn, the price is not excessive. Each parachute, besides, is tested to stand weight and pressure many times greater than will actually be necessary.

As a sport, parachute jumping is near perfection. To the novice it combines all the appearance and breathless thrills associated with danger—while at the same time it is perfectly safe and practically fool-proof.

### No loss of sense

Before one can become a parachutist there are certain formalities designed for the safety of all to be complied with. Application is made to one of the well-known manufacturers—accompanied by a health certificate to show that there are no physical reasons why a permit should be disallowed. Provided this is satisfactory the Air Ministry issues a licence.

Before the parachutist can make a jump, however, he is required to undergo a short training to enable him to understand fully the packing and manufacture of the parachute.

These regulations ensure that unfortunate accidents, such as death resulting from the effect of excitement on a weak heart, are ruled out.

Many imagine that, on leaving the aeroplane and before the ripcord is pulled, one loses all sense of time and space. Actually this is far from being the case. It is the parachutist who is motionless. The aeroplane seems to be leaving him—the ground rushing towards him. He can think and reason as calmly as though he were sitting on a chair. He pulls the ripcord. The parachute opens.

### Indescribable

A slight jerk follows if he is upside down at the time—and then he floats gently through the air at the rate of perhaps fifteen feet a second.

The sensation that comes through being "alone in the sky," with the world literally lying at one's feet, is, so parachutists say, indescribable. The whole system is marvellously exhilarated and toned up by the experience as one descends majestically to earth.

Except in the case of a ground engineer's licence, there is no age limit.

Parachutists are of all ages. A fifteen-year-old girl has made a flight and jump. A year ago a grandmother with a large grown-up family decided to

experiment on her own, without telling them.

After a successful landing she remarked: "I just wanted to see what it was like. I shall do it again."

They are typical of many thousands of others whom this sport is attracting and is going to attract.

Parachutes to-day are practically infallible. Tests and records reveal that the percentage of accidents due to a faulty parachute is infinitesimal—though accidents there are and must be while human nature remains fallible.

In the same way as some people are physically or mentally incapable of driving a car, so others will never make parachutists. An illustration of this is provided by the story of a young man undergoing training for the Air Force.

Perfectly calm during the preliminary training, he obeyed the instructor's directions implicitly. He left the aeroplane and dropped like a stone. The parachute remained closed. Nearer and nearer he approached the ground. The instructor's complexion changed from red to white and finally to a sickly yellow when, just on the point of landing, the parachute opened . . .

As soon as the instructor was able to speak he asked the pupil why he had delayed the drop so dangerously long. "Because," was the boy's reply, "I am no judge of distance and I forgot to count"!

A week later precisely the same thing happened again. When within a few feet of death, the parachute once more miraculously opened.

The young man was subsequently advised that he was unlikely either to make a success of the Air Force or to live very long in the event of his continuing his training. For the sake of himself, the instructor and the other men learning with him, he was asked to find some other career!

That parachuting is not a terrifying sensation is evidenced by the reactions of various animals who have descended that way without any signs of dislike.

### Cats like it!

A cat fitted with a small parachute was frequently used for test purposes. Eventually she became the mother of five kittens and plainly indicated that she expected them to be similarly fitted up.

This was done and the six of them were frequently released together. On landing in the field the mother would solemnly collect them together again and march away with them—all six perfectly serene and happy!

Parachutes can be used for dropping parcels and letters—and not long ago a film photographer accompanied a massed drop of twenty parachutists in order to get a more effective angle with his camera, despite the fact that he had never jumped before.

Although as yet a parachutist is unable to control to any great extent the direction of his parachute, he is, nevertheless, able to steer clear of such obstacles as trees and hedges by manipulating the guide ropes.

As the demand grows, further inventions will appear on the market and the parachute attain an even greater degree of efficiency than it possesses at present.

The parachute craze can have only one effect on air traffic—it will cause it to boom. As confidence in the safety of parachutes increases, more and more people will take to the air—secure in the knowledge that in the event of anything going wrong with the 'plane they have an adequate means of getting to safety.

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"In the final of the women's MIXED doubles."

NORFOLK CHRONICLE. — ". . . many BOBBY babies were displayed."

HORWICH AND WESTHOUGHTON GAZETTE:—"RIVERS are enjoined to avoid overtaking at pedestrian crossings."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST. — ". . . this very charming, quiet man had given his wife a BLOCK eye."

GUERNSEY WEEKLY PRESS.—"Suspended for one year for driving a motor-CAT . . ."

FINCHLEY PRESS. — "BROTH brigades made very excellent times."

NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE.—"Police and DISTRICTED parents searched everywhere for them."

DAILY DESPATCH:—"Commander —— was at one time the chief officer of a sailing SHOP."

DAILY SKETCH:—"We Scots are in some curious fashion really distinct from our own elder BOTHERS."

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.—". . . she was STRIPED and searched."

CITIZEN:—"He has fair, BUSY hair."

STAFFORDSHIRE WEEKLY SENTINEL:—"—— also bowled very well to take five for £25."

## The GREATEST DENTAL ACHIEVEMENT of the AGE

# Gibbs "S.R." TOOTH PASTE FOR TEETH & GUMS

Pyorrhœa is now definitely preventible and infected gums can be made perfectly healthy. Important research carried on for the past three years in association with leading Dental Authorities has resulted in Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste for Teeth and Gums, which makes effective the vitally necessary daily home treatment for gum troubles of all kinds. **Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste destroys the germs and renders harmless the poisons that cause gum infections.** Stimulates resistance. Heals and hardens gums. Whitens teeth. Purifies the mouth. Leading Dentists everywhere now use and prescribe Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste and use it themselves in all conditions indicating Gingivitis or Pyorrhœa. Results are amazing—and amazingly rapid. Even the most stubborn cases yield quickly. Dentists acclaim Gibbs "S.R." as the greatest dental achievement of the age.

*—Ask Your Dentist!*

*Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste obtainable from Qualified Chemists only. Price 1/3 per large tube.*

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE

"Long Live the Teeth!" a veritable little mine of information on this important subject, worth its weight in diamonds for the time, money and pain it can save you. Free and post free, without obligation. Only a limited number of copies. Secure yours NOW. Send postcard, at once, with name and address to (Dept. 2 V.) D. & W. Gibbs Ltd., London, E.1.

GR2

## AS EASY AS WASHING YOUR FACE...

## ...TO WIPE AWAY UNWANTED HAIR

Nothing kills romance like ugly superfluous hair. Now, thanks to this new discovery, you can just wash away all unwanted hair in 3 minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster and coarser; are dangerous and painful to use. Old fashioned depilatories are evil smelling; irritate and burn the skin. New Veet is just like a sweet-scented toilet cream and as easy and pleasant to use. You simply put it on straight from the tube, then wash off with plain water. No fuss, bother or trouble; no smell or danger; no irritation even to the most sensitive skin. New Veet leaves the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly patch of stubble like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the *skin's* surface. Regrowth of the hair is actually retarded. Ask your chemist or hairdresser to-day for New Veet, and end your superfluous hair troubles forever. Prices 6d. and 1/3d.

## 4TH GREAT NESTLETS CONTEST

# Your chance to win £250

## FOR ONLY THREE WORDS

**£250 FIRST PRIZE!**

OVER £450 MUST BE WON AGAIN THIS WEEK

| | |
|---|---|
| **£50** SECOND PRIZE | **£20** THIRD PRIZE |
| **50** PRIZES OF **£1** | **100** PRIZES OF **10/-** |
| **200** PRIZES OF **5/-** | |

**Three happy people will be making excited arrangements for bumper holidays in a few days' time. Only three words from each will win the three big prizes in the 4th NESTLETS contest which opens to-day.**

*You* may be one of them! Think—three words, and a big cash prize may be yours in time for the holidays! And there are 350 other prizes which must be won.

**More than £1400 paid**
**Study last week's winning NESTLETS below.**

One thousand four hundred and ten pounds has been paid for winning NESTLETS in the last six weeks. This fascinating open-to-all contest is simplicity itself. Good fun for all the family—and with big dividends for clever phrase-makers!

Get busy at once on the examples. Start a NESTLET party this week-end, and a winning phrase is almost certain to result!

## WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

NESTLETS are simply 3-word phrases added to the Examples given. You use the same initials as those in the 3-word examples, though not of necessity in the same order, and make an apt, original, or witty 3-word phrase to complete the Example.

For instance, the Example NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE gives the initials **N M C**—and using these in slightly different order suggests NICE CREAMY MUNCH as a suitable NESTLET. Study the Examples and pick out one or two which appeal to you. Set down the initials of each and consider what three further words they suggest, remembering that aptness, originality and wit are the tests. No reference need be made to Nestlé's Milk Chocolate. When you have the phrase, polish it until you are sure you are making the most out of it. Glance at the winning efforts below. These show the kind of thing which registers success!

Send in as many of your attempts as you please—but each must be accompanied by the wrapper from a ½ lb. block of NESTLÉ'S Milk Chocolate (or two wrappers from ½ lb. blocks or four wrappers from 2 oz. bars).

## USE THESE EXAMPLES

| | |
|---|---|
| NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE | BEST OF COMPANIONS |
| MOUTH MELTING JOY | GOOD FOR YOU |
| PURE RICH MILK | TAKE SOME HOME |
| FROM ENGLISH FARMS | LUNCH ALWAYS READY |
| EVERYBODY LOVES IT | DRESSED IN RED |
| GREETED WITH SMILES | WANTED ON VOYAGE |
| FINISHED WITH REGRET | PACK FOR HOLIDAY |
| FAVOURITE SNACK BAR | WRAPPED FOR OUTDOORS |

## READ THESE RULES FIRST

1. Each NESTLET must be sent in with your name and address and wrappers from one ½ lb., or two ¼ lb., or four 2 oz. blocks of NESTLÉ'S Milk Chocolate. You may send in as many NESTLETS as you wish in one envelope, but there must be a complete wrapper for each, and at least one entry must be on one of the coupons from this announcement. Extra entries may be sent in on separate sheets of paper, but each must bear your name and address.

2. All NESTLETS will be examined. The judges appointed by the makers of NESTLÉ'S Chocolate will award the first prize of £250 for the NESTLET which in their opinion is the best—aptness, originality and wit being the sole tests. The second and third prizes and remaining 350 awards will be given in order of merit.

3. The decision of the judges appointed by the makers of NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE on all matters relating to NESTLETS is final and legally binding and acceptance of this is a condition of entry. NESTLETS for this competition must be received not later than July 31st, and must be addressed to: "NESTLETS" Competition, Dept. JB4 Silverthorne Road, Battersea, S.W.8. This competition applies only in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

COUPON NO. 1

**Example**.....

**"Nestlet"**.....

I agree to abide by the rules of the competition.

J.B.4.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

COUPON NO. 2

**Example**.....

**"Nestlet"**.....

I agree to abide by the rules of the competition.

J.B.4.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

**choc full of goodness!**

## WINNERS OF the 2nd NESTLETS COMPETITION

D. E. Howell, 13, Maindee Rd., Cwmfelinfach, Newport, Mon. won the 1st Prize of **£250**
*Example:* FOR BRIGHTER PICNICS. *Nestlet:* 'PIECE' BETWEEN 'FRIENDS.'

W. Poppleton, Vine House, Hampton Ct. Rd., Hampton Court. " " 2nd Prize of **£50**
*Example:* WHAT A PITY. *Nestlet:* WILLIE PATTED ALLIGATOR.

Lilian V. Meredith, 60, Bold Street, Accrington, Lancs. ... " " 3rd Prize of **£20**
*Example:* GREETED WITH CHEERS *Nestlet:* CHILDREN GLIMPSE WRAPPER

All prizewinners will be notified, but a full list will be sent to all applicants enclosing a ½d. stamp to Nestlé's Competition Result Dept., Silverthorne Rd., Battersea, S.W.8

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NO MORE GREY HAIR

If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, clean.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. R. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN

BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

A Pretty, Well-Cut PATTERN FREE!

A pattern of a delightful dainty overall, designed by a famous fashion house and illustrated in the Robin Starch advt. on p. 29 is offered free to every reader of this paper in exchange for only one lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet of Robin Starch, or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Get this pattern now. It's simple to use. With it are full instructions for cutting out, amount of material, etc. Sizes are 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 (bust). Be sure to use the coupon on p. 29 enclosing your Robin Starch lids, and post in sealed stamped envelope to Pattern Dept., Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

Why suffer BOILS?

Have you tried Burgess' Lion Ointment, famous for 88 years? Mr. T. A. W. (James) writes: "I suffered agony from Boils, Abscesses and Whitlows; and it was not until I tried Burgess' Lion Ointment that I found relief."

The safe, sure, trusty healer for Boils, Carbuncles, Poisoned Wounds, Abscesses, Pulpits, Piles, Eczema, and successful even with obstinate cases of Bad Leg. Get a box from your Chemist—1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

LION OINTMENT 1/3

10 agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

BETS BY POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

up to any amount in accordance with rules

HORSE RACING
PONY RACING
DOG RACING

ALL POSTAGE PAID

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE WINNINGS BY RETURN

LETTER COMMISSIONS bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

Send your name for particulars of our service

Name.....
J.B.20.7.35

Address .....

Town.....County.....

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H MAURICE LTD 27 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2


# OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

## If I Had Three Wishes

### —and a Cottage

*First, I'd wish for a sincere, homely girl—for in searching for the "ideal mate" I have passed by those with whom I now know I could have found real happiness.*

*Secondly, I'd wish for a home of my own. Just a simple cottage with roses and clematis clambering about its walls, and a tiny bit of garden to tend.*

*Lastly, I'd wish for the joy that has passed me by in being a bachelor; hearing that magic word "Daddy!" from the lips of a chubby child, and all the heart-happiness that little ones bring.—"Solo," Devon.*

A DWELLER in continual darkness, my three wishes would aspire to recapture scenes loved and once familiar to my now useless eyes.

First, the Welsh coast by moonlight from the deck of a Milford Haven fishing trawler, whose decks are white with shimmering fish freshly emptied from the nets.

Secondly, the mantle of mist upon the frowning summit of Cader Idris; then, best of all, the face of my wife which I can only visualise in memory since a colliery accident deprived me of sight and confined my life to the narrower limits of sound and touch.—*H. B., St. Martins.*

### PHILOSOPHY

My desire would be for the philosophy of old age, whereby I might guide my own life in a perfect path, making best use of all possibilities and privileges which often present themselves.

For the gift of perfect anticipation so that proper decisions and correct enterprise would always be a feature of my person.

Lastly, for the will-power to use these gifts to the best advantage, not only of myself, but of others who are struggling along life's road with me. To take undue and selfish advantage would be to abuse such powers.—"*Youth*," *Batley.*

### SCRAP SLUMS

My first wish would be that a certain wealthy landowner should himself visit some of the cottages on his estate. Then he would realise the conditions under which some people exist.

My second wish would be that he would scrap the old dwellings and build modern cottages with a bath and good sanitation.

My third, that the tenants would show their appreciation of this change by keeping their new houses clean and tidy, and by putting the new conveniences to their proper use—and not, for example, keep coal in the bath.—*J. H., Cambridge.*

### CARE FOR MOTHERS

The first would be that childbirth become a national charge. Then mothers would be assured of every attention and care when bringing their little ones into the world.

Next, instead of spending a few millions each year on unnecessary battleships, I wish the Government would use the money to attack such things as cancer, consumption and that sort of enemy.

Finally, that all kinemas have a nursery where, while parents are enjoying the programme, little ones can enjoy themselves with the toys which childhood longs for, but which are not always available.—*J. E. K., Trent.*

### FOR OTHERS

I would endeavour to think more of humanity than of myself when making my three wishes.

Consequently, my first would be a fervent wish that war would be genuinely abandoned throughout the world as an instrument of policy.

Secondly, I would pray for the abolition of poverty, which robs so many of the fulness of life.

Thirdly, I would ask for a removal of all injustice from the affairs of men. Were these wishes granted, then surely the Kingdom of Heaven would be a reality—upon earth!—*A. G., Lanark.*

### SUCCESS

My first demand would be for that unfaltering self-confidence which is an attribute of every successful man.

Then I would crave the boon of physical and mental stamina which enables one to endure the arduous effort necessary to attain success.

Lastly, I would wish that my tastes and habits might remain simple despite ensured success, because only on simplicity can real happiness be founded.—*W. L., Wimbledon.*

### END SUFFERING

Many thousands of people who are suffering from one of the few incurable diseases are condemned to a living death. My first wish, therefore, would be that these dread complaints should become curable.

Secondly, I would wish that the unemployment question throughout the world should be solved to the benefit and satisfaction of all concerned.

My third wish would be for the abolition, for all time, of slums, and the consequent expansion of better living surroundings for everyone.—*R. W. T., Sudbury.*

### BANISH WAR

Three wishes seem almost too few many—for, could the one so dear to my heart be granted, I would feel ungrateful to ask for more.

My first and greatest wish would be that my shell-shocked, mentally and physically wrecked husband could be restored to the happy, healthy, ambitious man he was before the war.

My second would be that the rest of the war's "half-widows" should have the same happiness, while with my last I wish that there should be no more war.—*Mrs. H., Hereford.*

### FAIR PLAY

My first wish would be for fair play for those of the disabled ex-Service men who are finding Britain a country fit for heroes to only just live in.

My second would be to see the Prince of Wales temporarily relieved of all other duties so that he could set about the slum property problem in the way he wants to.

My last would be for a big "say" in the matter of punishment of child and animal torturers.—*H. J., Oxford.*

### NOT RICHES

A ceaseless wanderer over many lands, I have proved only too well the truth of the saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Yet, devoid as I am of worldly wealth, my wishes are not for riches.

I long to revisit the old world town of St. Malo, where once I honeymooned with the girl of my heart, and then to seek out a sea-lapped Cornish churchyard where lies she who was spared as my wife but a few short years.

Finally, I'd yearn for Connemara's hills and the aged mother who awaits her roving son.—"*Exile*," *Glos.*

### MAGIC CARPET

As I look at little heads bent over lessons I wish I could guarantee their future, for I know the pitfalls, disappointments and struggles many of them will encounter.

I wish I'd a Magic Carpet and unlimited wealth that I might give the under-nourished mothers of these lads the holiday they so much need to recapture good health.

Last—that when I'm old and tired—some of my boys will come to say: "You often made us 'sit up,' but your leadership enabled us to settle down to making good in life." Then I shall be content.—"*Teacher*," *Ashtead.*

* * *

I would wish that none should be hungry, none should be criminal and that everyone should be healthy. I can think of no better way of ensuring happiness for all.—*T. R., Catford.*

I wish I could give the nurse a dose of pure unadulterated castor oil at 5 a.m. and to tell her I had not time to put anything into it to make it more pleasant to take.—*Miss E., Bury.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, July 23.

**The Job I'd Like to Do for Humanity**

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

## Goods for Goodwood

GOODWOOD will add a certain liveliness to proceedings at the end of this month and I have spent an interesting half-hour weighing up the weights for the Stewards' Cup.

Three-year-olds have a good record in the Sussex sprint and Thelo (7 st. 12 lb.), Kingsem (8 st. 1 lb.) and Winandermere (8 st.) do not seem harshly treated.

Kingsem may come out best.

Many a good story is told in connection with the Stewards' Cup. In the year Epirus won, the popular fancy, Perdita, was left at the post. The stewards announced that Perdita was at the post, but failed to get off, and it was a good start!

In Marigold's year the starter complained that Marigold arrived thirty minutes late and that another hour was wasted through the disobedience of jockeys and fractious horses. The jockeys concerned were suspended for one day!

Dean Swift, as famous in his day as Brown Jack, had a partiality for the Chesterfield Cup.

Wychwood Abbot strikes me as a horse likely to become as popular as Mr. J. B. Joel's old favourite. The "Abbot" was an unlucky loser of last year's Chesterfield Cup. He has a much harder task on this occasion, but I am tipping him.

Doreen Jane looks best for the Stakes.

At Sandown I tip Field Trial each-way for the "Eclipse"; and, for the Saturday double, His Reverence and Mallon.

### "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 18, to Wednesday, July 24.

W N 96 S O Y 97 L V H J I 95 G E D
X U Z 93 B A K R 98 T F 94 M P Q C

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: JRY95QUDB would read FLAMENCO. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. PLQ2UBLQ would read GREENORE.

# DISCOVERED

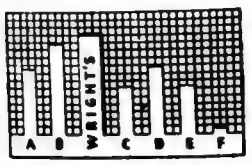
*by science—*
*important soap facts*

Who hasn't felt fagged and grimy after strenuous hours in the open—with a gay evening ahead? This is just one of the many times during the day when you will want to freshen up with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. You'll like Wright's for it's a balanced soap, made from finer ingredients. Used by more physicians than any other brand. Wright's is the *only* toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal of the Institute of Hygiene. It cleanses the skin safely and completely and banishes all trace of perspiration odour. You can use it, too, as often as you wish, in hard water or soft, and never need worry about roughened or irritated skin. For Wright's costlier and balanced materials protect you. 6d for the new, larger tablet. 1/6 in boxes of three.

*Wright's costlier materials protect your skin.*

Wright's Coal Tar Soap
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST FOR MILDNESS—TOUCH A TABLET WITH TIP OF TONGUE. NOTE COMPLETE ABSENCE OF BURNING OR SOUR CAUSTIC TASTE COMMON TO CHEAP SOAPS

***Protection is assured by the better balance of Wright's***




***Preference of Doctors explained***

From the famous research laboratory of Professor A. M. Low, A.C., G.I., D.SC., F.C.S., come facts that reveal clearly the marked superiority and safety of Wright's Coal Tar Soap over cheaper brands. If you are interested in getting value for your money, in safeguarding health and beauty, write for

**FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET**

"The Truth about Soap" by Prof. A. M. Low to Messrs. Wright, Layman & Umney Ltd., Dept. Y 7, 44-50 Southwark St., London, S.E.1.

## WRIGHT'S Lifts AWAY THE DIRT

*A grand opportunity!*

**YOUR CHANCE TO GET THIS SUPERB**

# Ever-Ready RAZOR

**AND**

**1 BLADE**

# Free!

A standard Ever-Ready Razor guaranteed for ten years, with the new self-adjusting screwless frame which adjusts to the precise shaving position with the closing of the top hood. Also latest-type Ever-Ready Blade, *triple-tested*, guaranteed perfect.
Ever-Ready

**with one tube of**

# PALMOLIVE

**shaving cream**

There are no difficulties about this splendid gift. All you have to do is to buy your tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream in the ordinary way, and you are *given* with it a splendid latest-type Ever-Ready Razor, guaranteed for ten years, with *triple-tested* Ever-Ready Blade. Your shilling thus buys you *Complete Shaving Luxury* . . . the rich, olive-oil lather of Palmolive—so kind to the tenderest skin—so quick and long-lasting—matched with a superb razor and blade which will round off the perfection of smooth shaving comfort! Take advantage of this unprecedented offer *today*!

**FREE!**
**The most liberal offer ever made to men. Act at once! See your dealer today!**

**Look into "JOHN BULL'S" Shop Window and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Valuable Bargains. See pages 2, 3 and 14.**

## *"John Bull" Guarantee.*

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

**All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.**

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

# Phensic

**BRAND TABLETS**

*Pronounced FI-N-ZIK*

## soothes irritated NERVES

Overcomes depression, exhaustion, weakness—gives strength and vivacity in a few minutes. Stops *every* Pain—HEADACHES, NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, also wards off Colds and 'Flu.

**Sold everywhere: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-**

**NEVER HARMS THE HEART**

# BILIOUS ATTACKS BANISHED

Mrs. Hellas, 4t, Regent Road, Blackpool, writes: "I feel I must write and tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from Vitadatio. Before taking your medicine, I never missed a week without a Bilious Attack, and used to feel awful for many a day. There were lots of foods I dare not eat, but now I can eat almost anything without any bad effect. I recommend it to everybody, and shall never be without Vitadatio."

# Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (post 6d. extra in U.K.) Special 21/- bottles for export only, post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

# ALL RECORDS SMASHED by John Bull

# MONSTER X-WORD HOLIDAY OFFER!

**£6 WEEKLY FOR LIFE**

PLUS **£1,000 Cash** AND **£50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE**

...OR ONE COLOSSAL LUMP SUM OF £3,500

**£500** HUGE HOLIDAY PRIZE BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

**BONUS AWARD** A Season Ticket providing value 20 Free entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive four 6d. entries in same envelope. **£2**

CLOSING NOON, THURS. JULY 25

314

YOU still have time to win the greatest Holiday Crossword Prize "John Bull" has ever offered. But your squares must soon be in the post if you want to enjoy the countless benefits of the giant 3-in-1 First Prize which is finally offered on this page.

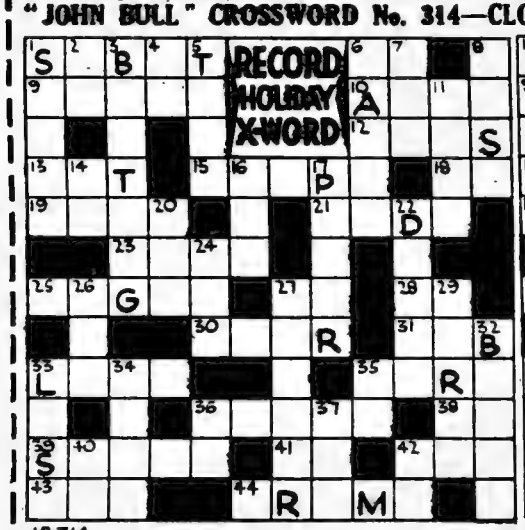
Success for you will mean wealth at once, provided by "John Bull's" cheque for £1,000 cash. To this fine sum a splendid £50 Holiday cheque will be added—not only this summer, but every year for the rest of your days. And finally you will be made independent for life by a solid £6 Pension Cheque every Saturday for the rest of your life.

No further squares for this Record Holiday Offer will appear in these columns, and your entry must reach Long Acre by noon, Thursday, July 25. Get busy on those absorbing Clues this evening—and on Friday, August 2, a telegram from "John Bull" may bring you a new life of cares-free independence, with all that you need for you and yours.

**For FREE X-WORD HELP, ENCLOSE COUPON from Page 39**

**"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £3 Weekly for Life plus £1,000 in Cash and £50 Holiday Cheque Yearly for Life or one lump sum of £3,500 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £500 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 20 Free Entries will be sent to every Runner-up from whom we have received four or more sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 2.**

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 314—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1935



JB 314

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.**

*SIGNED*.....

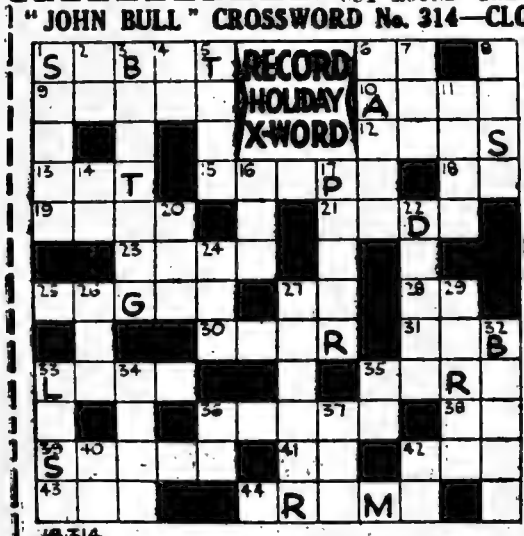
*ADDRESS*.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 314—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1935



JB 314

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-**

*SIGNED*.....

*ADDRESS*.....

.....

**Solution X-Word—No. 313.**

JB 313

Winners in Crossword No. 312 appear on page 38. Winners in Crossword No. 313 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 313 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors.

We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

## STUDY THESE CLUES

### ACROSS

1. Woolen shoe worn by French peasant
6. Reject lush ends from reject
9. Last word of sentry's challenge
10. Lamp-posts indicate a built-up one
12. These modern ones make countryman grumble
13. Where baby sleeps
15. Onions go well with this
18. Behead any animal kept about house
19. To do so you need needles and wool
21. You get long ones against outsider
23. Found twice in Clue No. 19 Across
25. Getting tipsy may result from this
27. Remove saint from vest
28. Once without vowels
30. Noise made by lion
31. Hansom one is now rarity
33. Gives one crew a big advantage
35. Merely without a tail
36. Rugged character of these is noticed in the Highlands
38. Opening half of game
39. Quarrelsome youngsters should do this and be friends
41. Chop off both ends of suet
42. Follows neither in a sentence
43. Prevents dust—and often a dust-up
44. Might cause swimmer trouble

### DOWN

1. Helps the farmer along
2. Expresses surprise—and reverse of a laugh
3. It's no good doing this to a bad egg
4. Core of core
5. Shows you how hard the wind can blow
6. Scholars are, by unwise teachers
7. It's an age in camera
8. Looks like a tree
11. Yours may need spectacles
14. More than half one
16. Is often used when warning's needed
17. May be created by increasing armaments
20. Golfers drive off from this
22. There's difficulty in learning to
24. To do this is human—to forgive, divine
26. Kings, queens and knaves are all beaten by this
27. Comes out most noticeably when things get hot
29. Ship carries one—and so can Dad
32. Polar explorer gets used to
33. Wireless operator often is, when crew leave wreck
34. Door is partly open when it's this
35. Short for manuscript
36. Beginning and end of same
37. The cup that cheers
40. This three times makes typical laugh
42. Reverse pin and cut me out

### READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it & Co. ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form ; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 25, 1935.

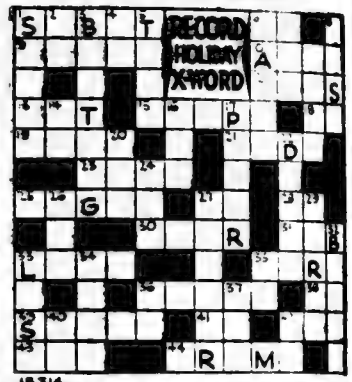
2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 2, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 20, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £500 to be divided between the Runners-up. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

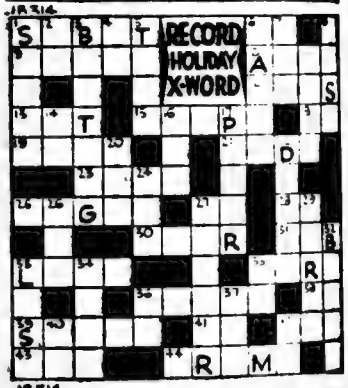
4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £3,500 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

**KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW**

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB 313



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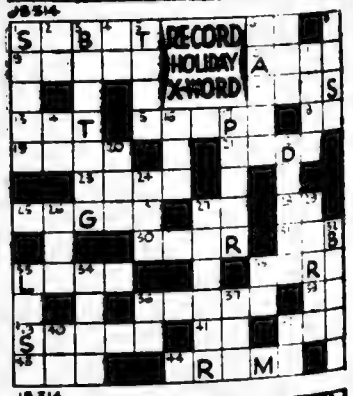

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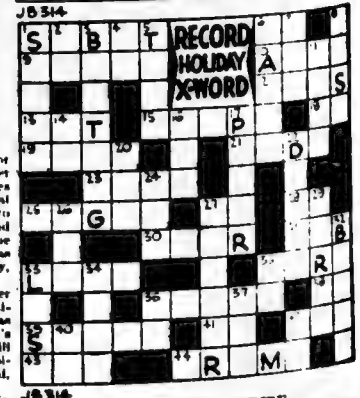


JB 314

**NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.**

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and may not enter the competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

**ENTRY FEE.**

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra Entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

**EXTRA SQUARES Post Free**

Other squares appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send Penny P.C. to Crossword Gazette Dept., 39, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. Entry Forms required.

**Address Entry Thus:**

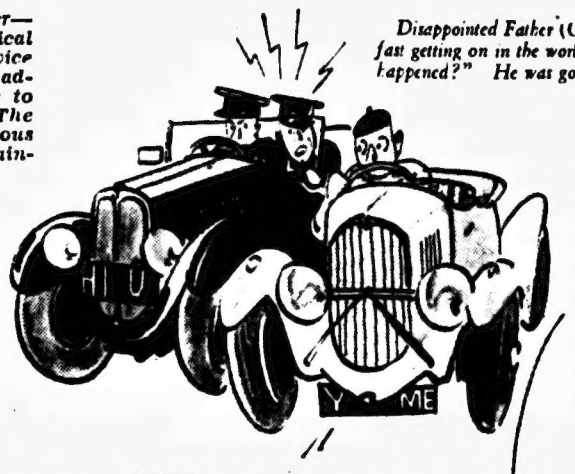
"John Bull" Crossword No. 314,

57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

**NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED**

# THE EDITOR Laughs Last

*IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.*




*Disappointed Father (Cirencester).—"My son was fast getting on in the world, but what do you think happened?" He was going too fast.*

M. N. (Luton).—"As a beginner what should I do a thirty-mile walk in?" Agony.

L. B. (Stoke).—"What do you think is needed to revive the pottery trade?" More maids like ours!

F. G. (Dundee).—"Is there anything that will prevent a person from snoring?" Yes, a baby cutting its teeth.

CRICKETER (Leicester).—"I threw away my wicket to give my side a chance to force a victory." You were out to win?

M. G. (Williamwood).—"I'm off on holiday next." But not broke, yet.

AUTHOR (Chatham).—"I caught my baby girl tearing up my best manuscript." Why, can she read already?

ASPIRANT (Elstree).—"The first time I entered a studio a piece of scenery fell on me and knocked me out." You were certainly film-struck.

TOM (Cardiff).—"My dog rushed to my side immediately the lightning started." So it came to you in a flash.

T. E. (Dunstable).—"The lock I put on the box I made worked straight off." But, surely, you wanted it to work on.

W. R. (Worksop). — "Gramophone records have been played even in court cases." And, no doubt, both sides heard.

FED-UP (Wigan).—"Professional footballers get bored during the summer months." They don't get a kick out of life.

WRITER (Portobello).—"Why editors keep on rejecting my articles is beyond all understanding." Perhaps your articles are, too.

CONTRACTOR (Colchester).—"I have secured an urgent job to repair the top of a clock tower." So your men will be working overtime?

MOTORIST (Kensington).—"I often halt for an hour or two on the road during a run to Brighton." Sometimes the crush is even worse than that.

H. G. (Diss).—"When I try to forecast the weather I am never very far out." But just too far out to have time to run back for your mackintosh?

E. G. (Peckham).—"When I was married we left the church under an arch of crossed picks." It's a good job the "down tools" hooter didn't go.

SUCCESSFUL (Cromer).—"Now that my business is running smoothly I find that I am gradually putting on weight." You are becoming a man of substance?

ENTHUSIAST (Chertsey).—"I took three barrows of soil washed down by the rain from the bottom of my garden to the top." You found it uphill work, no doubt.

ETYMOLOGIST (Cambridge).—"Out of the thousands of words in the English language there is only one that can be called a real opposite to false." That is true.

H. F. (Ealing).—"The conductor of our dance band has had his watch stolen three times in the last two months." He should know how to keep time better than that.

H. G. (Hitchin).—"Although my only boy is twelve years old he still likes me to tuck him in bed." Try putting him in a strawberry bed and he will do the tucking-in himself.

APIARIST (Cullompton).—"I paid a big price for a swarm of the new stingless bees from America, but have since discovered that they are not as represented." You have been stung?

D. H. (Penrith).—"All-in wrestling is the most infuriating thing I know." Campers struggling to extricate themselves from a blown-down tent on a stormy night hold the same opinion.

CRICKETER (Hampstead).—"I scored a six off the first ball I received, and although I was out next ball, I created a good impression in my first match and was applauded by the crowd." You made a hit.

FARMER (Caterham).—"The antics of the calfs and colts occasioned much merriment among the villagers, who used to congregate and watch outside my field." They were the laughing stock of the neighbourhood?

PEDESTRIAN (Lincoln).—"Three months ago I was knocked down by a motor car and with the compensation paid by the insurance company I have now been able to set up in business for myself." So it put you on your feet again?

FIREMAN (Reading).—"I stood by during the big sweep draw." Ready to play on the drums?

F. S. (Leicester).—"We presented our tennis coach with a purse of money." To show his services were appreciated?

G. F. (Goole).—"No farmer will object to an anti-litter club using his field for a picnic." It's all right if there's nothing left?

T. R. (Wales).—"The whirlwind that suddenly descended on the town yesterday sounded just like an explosion." It blew up the streets?

P. L. (Taunton).—"To my mind, impatience and hasty temper are major faults." We always thought they were chiefly displayed by colonels.

F. P. (Knockholt).—"I have resolved to work hard and earn as much money as I can because I am going in for a house of my own." So you are going out for it.

THE KID

BOB (Rochester).—"We made him drink a glass of medicine for a joke." Did he take it well?

LEN B. (Taunton).—"I wouldn't miss my morning jerks for anything." You're quite bent on it.

P. U. (Exmouth).—"I got a photo of two speedboats with an exposure of 1/100 second." Quick work.

UNLUCKY (Bradford).—"I've been in hospital ever since my business partner let me down." You're a trapeze artist?

TOM (Colchester).—"I wish I hadn't promised to go to the fancy dress ball in a suit of armour." Can't you get out of it?

JANE (Hendon).—"My husband took me up in his new plane and against my wish looped the loop with me." We hope you didn't fall out.

MISS D. N. (Alperton).—"Whenever I'm faced with a problem, I always dig deeply into it." In an effort to get to the bottom of it?

SAM (Croydon).—"I used to keep clippings of interesting items in the papers, but I found it wasn't worth the trouble." So you cut it out?

W. I. (Radlett).—"In some country districts motoring is still regarded as the work of the devil." And in London as the devil's own job.

D. F. (Bletchley).—"Our manager wouldn't keep his job for a week if I didn't see him through." But you see through him as well?

MIDDLE-AGED (Middlesbrough).—"As I grow older the more I think of my old school." And the more you think of it the less you think of it?

A. N. (Liverpool).—"The 'No Tip' idea does not appeal to all frequenters of our hotels." Particularly, we suppose, those who spend their time in the billiard room.

GARDENER (North Berwick).—"For a really natural show, amateur gardeners can always fall back on Scotch thistles." But, if they're wise, they won't.

MISS F. (Newmarket).—"Because I had no sugar lumps in my pockets uncle's horse sniffed and turned away." There was nothing about you that he liked.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Bromley).—"Whilst in the country last week-end I was fortunate to secure some snaps at a sun-bathing colony. What do you think of them?" Over exposed.

F. W. H. (Ilford).—"The overcrowding in trains on this line is scandalous." Never mind—there's plenty of room for you in JOHN BULL'S Holiday Special. Tickets on page 39.

PEACEFUL (Lichfield).—"Nothing delights me more, after a hard day at business, than my wireless set, an armchair and a good cigar." You smoke the cigar with the band on?

MRS. S. A. (Bangor).—"My son broke a window by swiping a ball with his bat. He ran away from the scene, but the infuriated householder raced after him." So your son was caught out?

"IGNORAMUS" (York).—"When my hostess asked me to switch the wireless over to another station I was absolutely at a loss and stood beside the cabinet blushing furiously." You didn't know which way to turn?

D. M. (Manchester).—"A missionary says that on his arrival amongst a strange South Sea Island tribe the natives gathered round him and drank his health." He naturally preferred this method of being toasted.

D. W. (Bedford).—"Several country villages propose to do without street lighting and will rely on the moon during the summer months." But bachelors are against the idea and gloomily predict an outbreak of banns and bandits.

H. L. (Tring).—"Some people don't like meeting their friends on a seaside holiday." Nothing is more annoying than to be clapped heartily on the back by a jovial acquaintance when your sunburning shoulders have just reached the raw stage.

MRS. NEWLY-WED (Croydon).—"I spent the entire forenoon at my tub, and, thinking to surprise my husband, had all the clothes hanging in the garden before he came home for lunch, but he passed no remark." In other words, it was a complete washout.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*

**FATHER & TWIN SONS SAY GOOD-BYE TO RUPTURE WORRIES**

Read this amazing letter—one of the thousands received every year from overjoyed users in praise of the Wonderful Brooks Appliance.

"My *heartfelt thanks* for all that your Appliance has meant to my twin boys. I sent for your booklet, eventually procuring your Appliance for the twins, and in 18 months they were both *effectively and permanently cured.* So I procured a Brooks Appliance, which I found very beneficial. I have now *discarded the Appliance* and given it to a neighbour. We have passed the good tidings on to several friends with the usual good result."

Mr. A. C. Smith,
40, Lime Ave., Huthwaite, Mansfield.

**Don't** suffer any longer from neglected Rupture or from an out-of-date truss. Do as Mr. Smith and **744,650** others have done. Do as **2,300 English doctors recommend.** Find out how you can try out a Brooks for yourself FREE. Send for booklet RIGHT NOW and stop your Rupture worries for good!

**COUPON FOR FREE BOOK**

(Post to either London or Manchester.)

**BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. LTD.,**
**(482T), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.**
**(482T), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.**

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

*NAME*.....

*ADDRESS*.....

.....

(Please write plainly.)

**CUT OUT AND POST — ½d. STAMP**

# PILES

**Sufferers from the maddening irritation, the exhausting, agonising pain caused by piles! Do not wait until piles (hæmorrhoids) reach such a terrible state that a serious operation may be necessary. Ask your chemist all about this special remedy. He knows the ingredients from which this inexpensive and scientific remedy is made. He can show you, too, the special applicator fixed to each tube of Man Zan, which makes the use of this soothing, healing unguent so clean and simple.**

**Man Zan is no ordinary ointment. It is prepared for one purpose only—to end the irritation, allay the inflammation and definitely banish piles. From the very first application you feel the irritation and inflammation ending, and if you will only persevere, never more will you be tortured with the agony of piles.**

**Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/- (including special nozzle applicator). Remember the name of this splendid remedy—**

# ManZan

**BRAND**

**PILE REMEDY**

# Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs only 3/- at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

# I DON'T KNOW OF A BETTER TOBACCO AT ANY PRICE.. *BUT IT'S ONLY* 8D *AN OUNCE*

No tobacco at this price and few more expensive brands can rival Afrikander for honest-to-goodness, dependable smoking.

# Afrikander MIXTURE

8D AN OZ

Flake or Shag

*Mixture, Flake and Shag are available in ½-oz. packets 4d.*

"IT SAVES AND SATISFIES"

Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co. Ltd.


# HE'S HAD that thrilling Friday Telegram TWICE

WHEN a Dorchester postal official received a telegram one recent Friday telling him that he had won the huge First Prize of £1,000 in our *Bullets* Contest, almost his first remark to his wife was, "Well, this is even better than last time!"

"Just over five years ago," Mr. E. Henry, whose home is at 9, Coburg Road, Dorchester, told JOHN BULL, "my wife and I had that Friday telegram thrill when we learned that the *Bullet*, STRONG GOVERNMENT — WE'D 'GET ON WITH,' entered in Competition No. 749, had brought us £600.

"But our excitement then was nothing compared with this latest Friday, when we learned that the household had done it again."

Mr. Henry's ingenious *Bullet*, ENGLISHMAN'S HOME—PER ENGLISHMAN—PERFECT ENGLAND, which secured his £1,000 fortune in Contest No. 985, was, he said, "built up little by little." Striving after balanced phrasing for his idea of "one house, one family," he finally hit on the words "Per" and "Perfect" to complete his *Bullet*.

"From 1920 to 1930 I entered fairly regularly," Mr. Henry recalled. "Since 1930 I've seldom missed a Contest."

For the last few years, Mr. and Mrs. Henry have been sharing a keen interest in *Bullets*, and many of their efforts have been evolved in partnership. Each acknowledges the help of the other, but both acknowledge gratefully the assistance they have received free by post every Thursday—their copy of *Bullets Bulletin*.

"No serious competitor can afford to be without it," said Mr. Henry. "I built up my winning *Bullet* by a method taught me by the *Bulletin*."

It is Mr. Henry's opinion that any ordinary man or woman who will give the same care and attention to making *Bullets* can also find the hobby profitable. "I'm quite an ordinary individual," remarked Mr. Henry, stressing the point that a *Bullets* First Prize is within the reach of anybody.

*His Second First was £1,000*

* * *

**Just back from his holiday at Bournemouth, a London bank cashier had a welcome thrill one recent Saturday when his sister telephoned from his home at 2, Drayton Road, West Ealing.**

**Soon Mr. D. H. Wilkinson was spreading the news amongst his colleagues that he had more than recouped his holiday expenses by winning the fine Second Prize of £50 in our 988th Contest.**

**"I made up my *Bullet*, HALF THE BATTLE—FAITH IN "HIGHER COMMAND," on the train while I was going off on my holiday," said Mr. Wilkinson.**

**This 46-year-old bachelor's big cheque comes at an opportune moment, indeed. His mother, with whom he lives, has recently needed the care of a specialist. But, thanks to his own specialising in *Bullets* and the collection of "fees" now totalling £150 which he has taken from JOHN BULL, such expenses can be met much more easily.**

**"My successes are a complete answer to those who think that entering *Bullets* is a waste of time," declared Mr. Wilkinson, recalling that this, the latest of his cheques, is the sixth time his name has been amongst the winners in JOHN BULL since he started regular entry 15 months ago.**

* * *

**Just like Mr. Henry and Mr. Wilkinson, you, too, can make *Bullets* a profitable hobby. Start this week, commencing with a determined attack on the *Examples* on the next page for this week's big Holiday Prizes.**


## ★ £250 Cash for only 3 words!

HERE'S a magnificent opportunity to win £250 first prize in the 4th Great Nestle's Milk Chocolate Contest announced on p. 33. For only 3 words, this wonderful Cash prize and 352 others from £50 (2nd prize) downwards amounting in all to over £450, must be won in this simple NESTLET Competition. Aptness, originality and wit will count in awarding the prizes. You can send in as many entries as you like, provided you comply with the simple conditions. At least one entry must be sent on one of the coupons appearing in the competition announcement on p. 33. Further entries can be sent in on plain paper, which must bear your name and address. Forward your entries now, which must be sent in by July 31st.

**TURN TO PAGE 33 NOW!**

*The winners of the 2nd Nestlet Contest is announced on that page.*


### £950 Won in Crossword Competition No. 312

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £800 offered:—

**W. Le F. Chevalier, 13, Clarendon Rd., St. Helier, Jersey. H. Davies, St. Mary, Pwrbeah Rd., Rhiwbina, Cardiff.**

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £400 will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 30, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 54 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £2 15s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries for our Contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

Surprise Awards were won by 348 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

**BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 310.**—One hundred and six competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of 18s. 11d. have been dispatched.

**See "John Bull's" Monster Crossword Holiday Offer on Page 36. £5 Weekly for Life, £1,000 Cash and £50 Holiday Cheque yearly for life is the colossal must-be-won first prize, with handsome cash prizes for runners-up. Enter this great Competition NOW.**


**Bulmer's Cider is the ideal drink — *because it suits everyone!***

See Page 16

**GRAVES NO. 1 CLUB MODEL**

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in, Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level Grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Supplied Nickel Rims, Hubs or Black as desired.


# RESULT of COMPETITION No. 989

## First Prize, £700 and Holiday Week at Scarborough, or any other British Holiday Resort, for Two—or £750 Cash

**R. MEHARG, 26, Greenville Street, Belfast.**

Example: RAIN AND SUNSHINE
Bullet: BEFORE "GREEN PASTURES" SEEN.

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

**H. STONES, 67, Holderness Road, Hull.**

Example: Smoke And Grime
Bullet: Rob "Sunbeams" Of "Strength."

### THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

**Mrs. M. HALL, 76, Blythswood Street, Liverpool.**

Example: Giant's Task
Bullet: Mother's 'Giants" Forget—Mother's.

### OTHER PRIZES:

**£30:** K. E. WARD, 350, Newman Road, Shiregreen, Sheffield.

Expecting Trouble—So Englishman "Loads"—Pipe!

**£20:** W. J. PRYKE, Seymour House, Blundeston, Lowestoft.

Though Granny's 90—Past Work? Pass Workbasket!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**£10:** H. HOPE, 25, Manchester Road, Walkden, Manchester.

Good Generalship—Auntie's "Advances" Taught Colonel.

**£9:** Mrs. E H WELDON, 86 Vickers Road, Sheffield.

Giant's Task — Homework — Spoiling Childhood's 'Fairyland."

**£8:** R. WOOLLEY, 23, Roseneath Place, Edinburgh.

Spoilt The Picnic—Couldn't *Put Fire Out!*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**£7:** E. D. K. ALLAN, 76, Ashley Road, Aberdeen.

Mum And Dad—"Pearls," 'String" Lost Without.

**£6 10s.:** Mrs. A. JOHNSON, 44a, High Street, Croydon.

Giant's Task—Left—"Little Help" Gone.

### 10 OF £6 EACH:

D. W. BELL, 14, Alexander Street, Paddington, London, W.
Though Granny's 90—Only "Tea" For Grandpa.

W. BROUGHTON, "Rainclife" 6, Owers Mount, Sheffield.
Good Generalship—"Carries On" Sonny's Soldiers.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. G. DOBSON, College Square, Stokesley, Yorks.
Smoke And Grime—Removed Pa[illegible] Child "Blots."

Mrs. ERRIDGE West Cottage, [illegible] Lodge, Newick.
Mother's Needle—Or "Bigger [illegible]" Indeed

A. FAULKNER, 168 Cowick Street, [illegible]eter.
Our Mower—"Out"—After "One Run"!

T. H. HOLDING, 19, Windle Street, [illegible] Heath, Lancs.
Glare Of Publicity—Then Slumps [illegible] Seen.

H. JONES, 182, Scotland Street, [illegible] Messrs.
Spoilt The Picnic—"Hostilities" Tin-opener "Opened."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. K. RICHARDS 45, Craven Avenue, [illegible] Ealing, London, W.
Torrent Of Words—"Dammed" Wasn't Gratitude "Chokes"

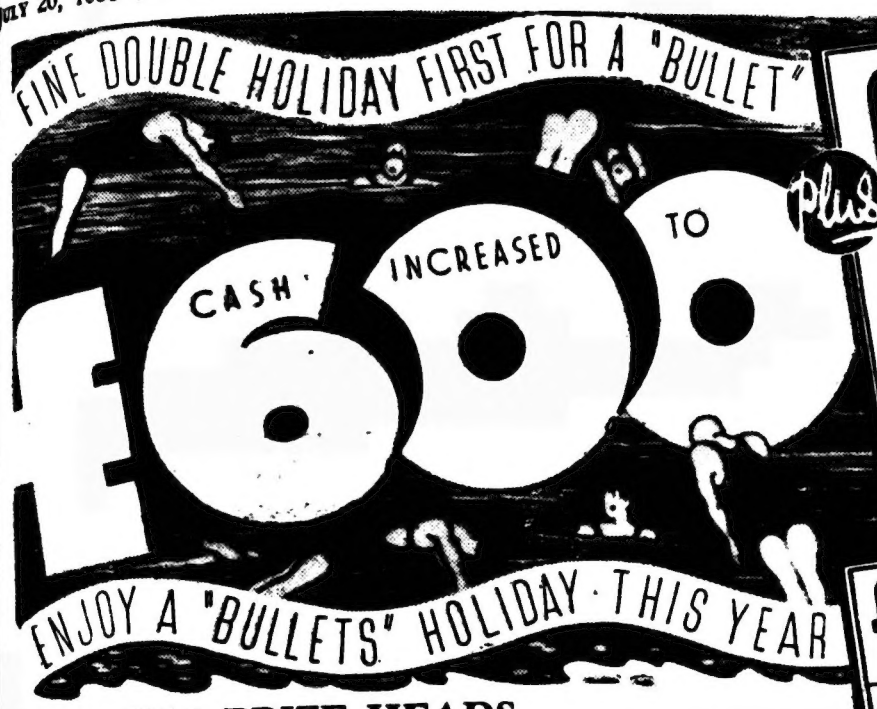
W. RILEY, 401 James Reckitt Avenue, [illegible] Hull.
Mother's Needle—"Mending But" Sock's "Prisoner."

Mrs. C. WALKER, Mill Dam Cottages, [illegible] Brough, Yorks.
"Here We Go!"—Shout Excursion[illegible]—Then Don't!

**A list of 30 £2, 150 25s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."**

**The £20 Bonus offered in connection with Competition No. 988 has been awarded to Mr. D. H. Wilkinson, 2, Drayton Road, West Ealing.**

**ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.**


FINE DOUBLE HOLIDAY FIRST FOR A "BULLET"
CASH INCREASED TO £600
plus £50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE This year - and next
ONE WEEK TO WIN HOLIDAY PRIZES value over £1,250
ENJOY A "BULLETS" HOLIDAY THIS YEAR

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| £50 | £25 | £20 | £15 | £10 |
| £9·10s. | £9 | £8·10s. | £8 | £7·10s. | £7 |
| £6·10s. | £6 | £5·10s. | £5 | £4·10s. | £4 | £3·10s. | £3 | 30 of £2 |

500 of 2/6 . . 2,000 Red Seal 'Targets' 8,000 'Target' Prizes . . .

992

# £250 EXTRA OFFERED IN BONUSES EACH OF £5

PROVIDED 'JOHN BULL' RECEIVED AN ENTRY FROM YOU FOR LAST WEEK'S HOLIDAY OFFER, COMPETITION No. 991. ANY OF *THIS* WEEK'S 50 CHIEF PRIZES WHICH YOU WIN WILL BE AUGMENTED BY A £5 CONTINUITY BONUS. IF YOU MISSED LAST WEEK'S COMPETITION ENTER FOR THIS WEEK'S CONTEST AND SO QUALIFY FOR A £5 CONTINUITY BONUS IN NEXT WEEK'S CONTEST.

## FINE 2-IN-1 PRIZE HEADS
## 50 HOLIDAY CHEQUES

TO-DAY, just before the year's great Holiday Month, JOHN BULL brings you another big batch of substantial Holiday Cheques to be paid at once for good *Bullets*. See how a splendid "double-barrelled" First Prize and 49 other Holiday Cheques have been combined in this timely one-week offer of over £1,250 cash!

Paying for holidays is everybody's problem of the moment, so with the increased fortune of £600 which heads this long prize-list goes a £50 Holiday Cheque from Long Acre, both this summer and next.

On Friday, August 9, JOHN BULL will be telegraphing a tremendous thrill to the winner of this bumper 2-in-1 First Prize—and there is no reason why a few simple but neatly arranged words should not bring that magic message to you.

But there is another huge attraction in this prize-list. Provided you submitted an entry for last week's Contest, *Bullets* No. 991, any of this week's 50 chief prizes which you win will entitle you to an additional £5 payment as your share of the £250 offered in JOHN BULL'S novel Continuity Bonuses.

### THE WAY TO WIN

DO not expect the first words you jot down to form a *Bullet* ready for the coupon. The finished article will develop as you compress your first rough note into TWO, THREE or FOUR words, polishing up the phrasing till you have an apt comment expressed in simple but striking fashion.

If, for instance, you had chosen the *Example* WHY HE GOT SNUBBED, your first thought might well be *Because Of His Prison Record*. This you could readily compress and improve to the finished *Bullet*, WHY HE GOT SNUBBED—EX-CONVICT "KNOWS BY NUMBER."

For further assistance in constructing your prize *Bullet*, study the style and phrasing in the list of this week's winning efforts on the previous page. Then begin on your own *Bullets* without delay, for only if your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, July 27, can you obtain one of this week's 50 fine Holiday prizes.

### USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

MERCHANTS OF DEATH
BLUE RIBBON
UPSET MRS. CRUNDY
VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY
WHEN BEAUTY FADES
LOUD SHORES
SOMETHING DIFFERENT
WHEN THE BOARDER LEFT
"DELIGHTFUL!"
WITH MOTHER
MAN WITH A TELESCOPE
OUT OF BREATH
NURSES
GRANDPA SAYS
TROUBLE ON THE FARM
BRAVE WOMAN
FOR YEARS AND YEARS
IN CAME FATHER AND
FREE FOR ALL
LIKE A LOBSTER
JERRYBUILT HOUSE
PROVOKING
IN THE WILDS
GOOD THRASHING
PROUD OF HER
OUR PUP
FINISHED
FLYING VISIT
WHAT'S ON
CONDUCTOR CUPID
RAIN! RAIN! RAIN!
AT FEVER HEAT
ODDS AND ENDS
SHE FORGAVE HIM, BUT
BOLD AS BRASS
WHY HE GOT SNUBBED

**48 FREE PAGES** of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords—Use this coupon!

## ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
### WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.**

1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with [illegible] is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Not more than two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed to the value of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be [illegible].

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition is accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an absolute condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £700 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 985 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Newsham, 2, Gradwell Street, Stockport.

NEWAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 992 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

| | |
|---|---|
| EXAMPLE | |
| BULLET | |
| EXAMPLE | |
| BULLET | |
| (932) Closing SAT., July 27. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. |
| | Signed ..... Address ..... |

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

| | |
|---|---|
| EXAMPLE | |
| BULLET | |
| EXAMPLE | |
| BULLET | |
| (992) Closing SAT., July 27. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. |
| | Signed ..... Address ..... |

| | |
|---|---|
| EXAMPLE | |
| BULLET | |
| EXAMPLE | |
| BULLET | |
| (992) Closing SAT., July 27. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. |
| | Signed ..... Address ..... |

Write name and full address on each coupon.

| | |
|---|---|
| EXAMPLE | |
| BULLET | |
| EXAMPLE | |
| BULLET | |
| (992) Closing SAT., July 27. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. |
| | Signed ..... Address ..... |

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

**Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 992, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

# Daughter's Illness LEADS TO Mother's Recovery

## TROUBLE THAT PROVED A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

### How Bolton Lady WAS PERSUADED TO TRY

# Yeast-Vite

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good"—yet sometimes blessings come in strange disguise.

So it happened to the writer of the dramatic Yeast-Vite Tribute we publish to-day. Here was a worried mother . . . at a time of life which every woman dreads.

Her health was gone. For five years her head had ached . . . every day!

Her nerves were shattered. So shattered that she had fits of crying which could not be controlled.

Then came what must have seemed to her the "last straw." **Her daughter fell ill ! ! !**

Imagine, then, how this poor woman's worry and misery were increased a hundredfold! She felt every minute she was going mad! ! Yet **. . . it was a blessing in disguise ! ! !**

The nurse who came to look after the daughter saw this suffering woman's distress. And she was a wise nurse. She had seen ill-health in many forms and KNEW what was best.

**"Why don't you try 'Yeast-Vite'?" was her advice.**

And what was the result? This worried, pain-racked, nerve-shattered mother who had suffered so much for five long years tried Yeast-Vite immediately — **AND GOT RELIEF ! ! !**

**If you feel TIRED and WEARY . . . let "Yeast-Vite" give you new Energy and New Strength.**

**If your DIGESTION is all wrong . . . let "Yeast-Vite" make your meal-times Happy.**

**If you CANNOT SLEEP at night . . . let "Yeast-Vite" bring you Calm Repose.**

**If your NERVES are shattered . . . let "Yeast-Vite" make them Strong and Sound.**

## MEN! You need "Yeast-Vite"

From the first dose you feel Refreshed, Renewed, Revitalised. PAIN disappears, WEAKNESS is changed to STRENGTH. . . . LIFE becomes HAPPY, JOYOUS, WORTH LIVING! ! !

*"Why Don't You Try Yeast-Vite?"*

Read these Extracts from letter received

## *"Head Ached Every Day For 5 Years"*

*Dear Sirs,*

*I am only a labourer's wife and on oath I think all Bolton knows what I have suffered. My head has ached every day for five years. I gradually got worse . . . my head would tremble and I had very hard work to keep myself normal in my mind. I had shocks and constant worry that caused me to cry every day for four years.*

*A month ago my daughter was ill. I was in such a terrible nervous mental state I thought every minute I was going mad. The nurse (who was looking after my daughter) said to me, "Why don't you try 'Yeast-Vite'?"*

*I did immediately and I got relief. I can say I am confident your most wonderful "Yeast-Vite" will pull me back to normal. I am 52, and I can say your tablets are a great boon to women of my age. They are marvellous.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*(Sgd. MRS. A.)*

## YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

| FROM | TO | TIME |
|---|---|---|
| NERVE PAINS | *Glorious Relief* | In 5/15 MINS. |
| HEADACHES | *Deliverance* | In 5/15 MINS. |
| LASSITUDE | *Vim and Vigour* | In 10/20 MINS. |
| DEPRESSION | *Buoyant Energy* | In 10/20 MINS. |
| "NERVES" | *Steadiness* | In 10/20 MINS. |
| INDIGESTION | *Keen Appetite* | In 15/30 MINS. |
| EXHAUSTION | *Animation* | In 15/30 MINS. |
| SLEEPLESSNESS | *Calm Repose* | In 30/60 MINS. |
| RHEUMATISM | *Pain Relief* | In 24 HOURS |
| CONSTIPATION | *Regularity* | In 36 HOURS |
| IMPURE BLOOD | *Purification* | In 36 HOURS. |

## *NO CURE —NO PAY!*

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

# Yeast-Vite Brand

TONIC TABLETS, *Sold Everywhere* **3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-**

165 B 118

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